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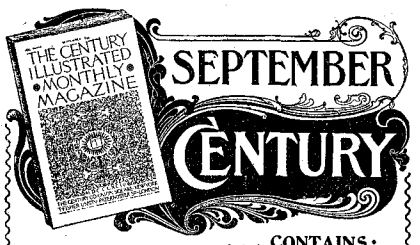

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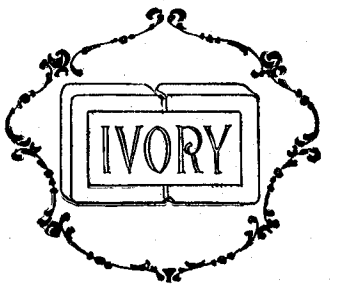

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 8 September, 1894 Number 10

THE forest fires, which have been raging for some time in the Northwest, last week spread beyond control, and there has resulted a loss of life and property not paralleled in this country since the Johnstown flood disaster. The town of Hinckley in Minnesota has been literally swept out of existence, and a dozen or more other towns in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan have been partly destroyed and financially ruined. The loss of life is appalling. It seems certain that more than four hundred men, women, and children have met a horrible death, and other hundreds are left homeless under circumstances which arouse the deepest sympathy and make the reader regard as comparatively trifling all other property loss, though it amounts to millions of dollars. The destruction of Hinckley took place on Saturday, and had it not been for the heroic conduct of the engineer and crew of an express train (which rescued several hundred people and carried them, with the passengers, to a swamp in which all took refuge while the cars themselves were consumed by fire) the record of heartrending suffering would have been almost double what it is now. Of course the remarkable droughts which have prevailed over almost the whole country have been a chief cause for the extent and number of forest fires. It may be said, however, that with a thorough system of Government or State supervision of the forests the danger of such fires might be greatly diminished. The people of the Northwest might find something to learn in this respect from Maine and New Hampshire.

❀

The Constitutional Convention in New York spent most of last week in considering a proposition conferring upon cities a somewhat larger measure of home rule. Unfortunately, the discussion was as partisan as is usual in the State Legislature. It is true that the words "majority" and "minority" were generally substituted for "Republicans" and "Democrats," but the "majority" and "minority" accused each other of seeking partisan advantages with as much acrimony as if they had used the old party names. Furthermore, the charges seem to be true. The Republicans, who are strong in the rural districts, were generally opposed to relieving cities from legislative control, while the Democrats, who are in the majority in nearly every ward in New York City, almost to a man protested against the principle of minority representation. The only reform upon which there was any agreement was that of separate municipal elections. On motion of Mr. Choate, it was finally resolved to make of this proposition a distinct amendment, and dismiss for the present the remainder of the proposed home-rule section. This probably means the defeat of the home-rule principle in the present Convention. By the time of another Constitutional Convention the question will probably no longer be, Shall the Legislature control the great cities? but rather, Shall the great cities control the Legislature? When the present Constitution was adopted, nearly a half-century ago, New York and Brooklyn had less than one-sixth of the people of the State; now they have nearly one-half, and twenty years hence they may have two-thirds. The country districts ought, therefore, to concede the home-rule principle as a matter of prudence as well as of justice.

❀

In Virginia the proposed union of the Prohibition and People's parties for the coming campaign has not been effected, the Populist Convention declining to ratify the Prohibition plank in the platform agreed upon by the Executive Committees of the two parties. This refusal was dictated by motives of policy rather than of conviction, as the great majority of the Populists are in favor of Prohibition. In Virginia, however, the new party was anxious to secure the support of the Republicans, who have placed no ticket in the field, but sympathize with the Populist demand for a new election law giving all parties representatives at the polls. The Prohibition Convention adopted substantially the platform which the Executive Committee had proposed as the basis for fusion. In addition to the prohibition of the liquor traffic and the free coinage of silver, it demands the adoption of the initiative and referendum, and the raising of National revenues by "a graduated income tax levied upon the profits of invested interests and dividend-earning capital." In North Carolina the Republican Convention, by an overwhelming majority, voted to indorse the Populist State ticket. In South Carolina the Democratic primaries were controlled in all but three or four counties by the Reform faction, whose platform is substantially identical with that of the Populists. This victory insures the election of Governor Tillman to the United States Senate, and the carrying forward of the dispensary experiment. In South Carolina also the Republican party will probably not enter into the State campaign. In the West the only important political news relates to the division among the Republicans of Nebraska on the railroad question, and the frequent fusion of the Populists and Democrats in the Congressional campaigns. Mr. Rosewater, the editor of the Omaha "Bee," has resigned his place as member of the Republican National Committee for Nebraska on the ground that he cannot support the "railroad lobbyist" nominated for Governor by the State Convention. In one of the districts of western Iowa General Weaver was nominated for Congress by the Populists, and has secured the indorsement of the Democrats. These fusions and confusions of party lines throughout the South and West form altogether the most significant part of the political history of the present day. It hardly seems possible that the old party lines can ever be restored. The formation of a new party, deserving the name "radical" quite as much as the Republican party deserved it a generation ago, seems inevitable.

❀

A sister of the first Mrs. Breckinridge has written to the voters of the Ashland district an appeal which assumes their knowledge that Colonel Breckinridge is not the only

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one of Kentucky's representatives who has dishonored his State by the immorality of his life at Washington. She asks them not to content themselves with the retirement of Colonel Breckinridge, but to return some man who will fully represent the moral standards of the commonwealth. Simultaneously with the publication of this appeal, the press dispatches announce that an evangelist in the Ashland district has preached a sermon calling for the return of Colonel Breckinridge because of his public confession of sins and expressions of repentance. No argument is necessary to make clear which of these appeals is addressed to the moral sense of the community. It hardly seems possible that any minister of the Gospel could so construe the doctrine of forgiveness as to urge Colonel Breckinridge's return to Washington. We believe it to be the duty of his church to keep him, if he is sincerely penitent, among its members, just as it is the duty of every church to receive among its members every criminal professing repentance. We believe also that it is the duty of his neighbors to treat him in the spirit urged by Christ's words, and not even to stone him with expressions of contempt. But should they raise him to the highest place of honor in a district of nearly two hundred thousand people, the moral sense of the people would be wounded and degraded. No amount of preaching of morality could offset the effect of such preaching of immorality. In Mr. Kidd's criticism of American political life, published by us last week, that which came home with the most force was the declaration that we had apparently no "Nonconformist conscience" making itself felt as a power in political life on the side of morality. In the domain of individual morality the "Nonconformist conscience" is stronger here than in Great Britain; but it has to be confessed, by those of us who most dislike to confess it, that since the overthrow of slavery this force has rarely made itself felt in the domain of public morality. The one-sidedness of this development has made itself felt in injury to the entire moral life of the Nation, and the crying need of to-day is that the Church shall awake to the responsibility of its members toward the public. The very beginning of reform is the refusal to exalt to public office men whose characters are unworthy of public honor.

❀

General Nathaniel P. Banks, who died last Saturday in Waltham, Mass.—in which town he was born seventy-eight years ago—had passed a long life of public service. He was a man of integrity and capacity, though not of extraordinary or brilliant qualities. In his youth he was for a time employed in the factory of which his father was superintendent, and from this fact came the familiar sobriquet "Bobbin-boy," which his admirers at one time loved to attach to his name. He was, however, not more humble in circumstances than most New England boys; he had a common-school education, and while still quite young acquired some fame as a lecturer. Later he was in turn editor, lawyer, and politician. He entered Congress in 1853 as the candidate of a coalition between the Free-Soil and Democratic parties, soon allied himself with the American or Know-Nothing party, and profited by its short-lived popularity to be again returned to Congress. He soon joined the new Republican party, was sent by it to Congress, and in 1857, 1858, and 1859 was elected by it Governor of Massachusetts. At the outbreak of the war he was commissioned a major-general of volunteers. The most important events of the war in which General Banks was engaged were: a campaign in the Shenandoah, in which he barely escaped capture with his whole army by "Stonewall" Jackson; the engagement at Cedar Mountain, in which his troops fought with notable bravery and held their own against an enemy superior in force; the assault on Port Hudson, in which he aided Admiral Farragut materially; and the unfortunate Red River expedition, into which General Banks entered contrary to his own judgment, and from which he was driven back with great loss. After this last failure, for which the best judges consider that he was not truly responsible, General Banks was recalled, and in 1864 resigned his commission. He was immediately re-elected to Congress by the Republicans of his old district, and served for fourteen years, with the exception of one term, at the election for which he took part in Mr. Greeley's disastrous Presidential campaign. General Banks's last appearance in National politics was as a member of the Congress which met in March, 1889. Of late years his mind had gradually given way.

❀

Celia Thaxter

The sudden death, on August 28, of Mrs. Celia Thaxter was briefly recorded in The Outlook of last week. The peculiar charm of Mrs. Thaxter's poems was closely inwrought with her unusual life-history. Her knowledge and love of the Isles of Shoals (which lie not far from Portsmouth, on the rugged New Hampshire coast) began when she was a little child. Her father, the Hon. Thomas B. Laighton—a man of strong character in most ways, but of some eccentricities, and given to a pessimism born of disappointment and unfair treatment—retired to one of these islands some fifty years ago, and there took charge of a lighthouse. He used, it is said, to point out to his three children the distant New England shore, and to warn them that there lay "the wicked world." The little girl worked and played among flowers and birds and amid the wonders of sea and shore; and when she was allowed to help with the lighthouse lamp it was (she says) "a great pleasure that so little a child as I might do that for the great world." There was the fresh poetry of life and nature all about, and this she absorbed until it became a part of herself, and hence her verse took on the simplicity and sincerity that distinguish the spontaneous from the artificial poet. On Appledore, in these Isles of Shoals, most of her life was spent. There her father became the landlord of a quiet resting-place for seekers for health and beautiful surroundings, and the guests were generally of a rather select and intellectually interesting kind. The young girl found food for her mind as well as for her imagination. Soon, when she was but sixteen, came to her a romantic love-story with a happy ending. Her suitor, having been ordered off the island by her irascible father, built a hut on an adjacent islet, and continued his wooing with a pertinacity that won its reward. Thereafter Mrs. Thaxter saw more of the outside world, finding a congenial circle of cultured friends in Boston; but a large part of the year she still spent in Appledore, and there most of her books were written. She was a frequent contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly" and other journals, and her prose was as delicate and sympathetic as her verse. Her first volume of poems was published in 1872; "Among the Isles of Shoals" in 1873, "Driftweed" in 1879, "Poems for Children" (Mrs. Thaxter had an inimitable gift of writing for and about children) in 1883, later volumes in 1886 and 1887, and, finally, her last volume, "An Island Garden" (1893), gave one delightful glimpses of her own famous and

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lovely flower-garden at Appledore. "Mrs. Thaxter's poems and her prose," it has been truly said, "show careful observation of natural phenomena, not only of the changing seasons, of the sea in its varying moods, but of the humblest weeds—thistles or mullein-stalks, perhaps—as well as of the elderberry, sumach, bayberry, and other more pretentious plants. She notes the habits of bees, butterflies, and moths, and even of the swordfish and other strange fish found in these waters, and she is unequaled in her descriptions of the great sea-birds which swoop above these rocky islands." We print on another page a readable and sympathetic account of Mrs. Thaxter's home life as it impressed a girl visitor.

❀

The trials before the New York City Police Commissioners last week resulted in the conviction and dismissal from the force of Captain W. B. Devery and Captain A. A. Cross, and of three patrolmen. Thus far the Commissioners have dismissed three captains, four sergeants, two ward-men, and three patrolmen. Other trials are to follow. It is beyond question that the prosecution has been pushed with vigor, earnestness, and ability by the District Attorney, Mr. Wellman (who is, we are told, a Tammany Democrat), and that the Commissioners (one at least of whom, President Martin, has been publicly accused of complicity in the corruption) have shown no disposition to be lenient with offenders. The question still remains open, however, whether all this activity and severity are due to a sincere desire for the reformation of the force, or to a political sagacity which makes Tammany unwilling to go into the coming election loaded down with the weight of the Lexow Committee exposures. It is believed by many that Tammany's attitude to its underlings in place is practically to say, "Steal what you like; but do not expect us to protect you if you are exposed." The clearing out of guilty members of the police force is a great public gain, but it does not in the least lessen the imperative necessity of reforming the whole system. We hope to have new light soon from the Lexow Committee on the questions, "Do patrolmen and captains buy their appointments? and, if so, where does the money go?" The evidence taken last week was mainly cumulative to what has been before the public. The oppression and blackmailing of merchants who found it difficult to observe the very letter of the law about obstructing the sidewalk was well brought out in the testimony of a fruit-merchant who was called upon to send barrels of apples and baskets of peaches free to the police captain's house, and only with difficulty obtained the privilege of deducting the price from the $50 fee for "protection" that he was bullied into paying. What kind of man is considered on our police force a specially efficient and trustworthy officer was shown by the testimony of Detective Burns, who boasted on the stand that he had accumulated over $11,000, on a salary of from $800 to $1,200 a year, by successful gambling on horse-races, and that on one day he had made $3,000 out of a $50 bet! The man no doubt *is* a gambler; it is more than probable that he lied about the amount of his winnings; he has been proven to have extorted bribes. Take him which way you will, he is an instructive study as a "model officer." And the worst of it is that he is only one of many.

❀

National attention should be given to the speech made by the Hon. Henry Chaplin at the bimetallists' dinner given in London last week by Sir Richard Houldsworth in honor of General Walker, Senator Wolcott, Mr. Brooks Adams, and ex-Secretary Whitney. Mr. Chaplin was the Minister of Agriculture in Lord Salisbury's last Cabinet, and has been somewhat bantered in Parliament for his irrepressible zeal for bimetallism. Yet at this dinner he made a statement of the attitude of English public opinion against bimetallism so judicial that its wide publication on this side of the Atlantic will set at rest current misapprehensions regarding the extent to which we can rely on English co-operation in restoring silver to its rightful place in the currency. We give to this statement all possible prominence because we have been forced to recognize that those who believe, with us, in international bimetallism have frequently been led to exaggerate the readiness of European nations to accept this system. Taking for his text Mr. Whitney's remark that we in America had inherited bimetallism, Mr. Chaplin spoke as follows:

"In England it is monometallism that we have inherited, and there have been hitherto both apathy and ignorance generally on the question of what bimetallism really is. We have three great forces arrayed against us. First, we have the active opposition of the city of London. It is not too much to say that probably no Minister in England, however powerful, would venture to oppose the city on an issue of such paramount importance. And while there has, no doubt, been a revulsion of feeling in many quarters of the city, yet even to-day it is premature to regard city sentiment as other than opposed to change. And, in the second place, we have to encounter the determined opposition of the Treasury, the civil service, and the fixed income classes. And, finally, it must be remembered that, with the exception of the press in Lancashire and the North of England, and one admirable paper, the 'Financial News,' in London, the whole of the press is almost unanimously opposed to us. Nine people out of ten are absolutely ignorant upon the subject of the currency, and it is impossible to excite public interest in the question, and still more impossible to educate the public, so long as the press continues to boycott, as it now does, almost everything that is said or written on the side of reform.

"There is, however, one suggestion not unfitting for me to refer to as a possible solution: How would it be if, as regards the eastern half of the Empire, we signified to the United States our readiness to assist an international agreement by opening the Indian mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and thus restore in that portion of the British Empire the single silver standard? And, further than this, there is no reason, in my opinion, why the recommendations made by Lord Herschell, and accepted by all his colleagues on the Gold and Silver Commission, should not be promptly adopted by any English Government, in view of the disasters which have since overtaken the world of trade. Lord Herschell not only proposed that foreign governments should be asked whether they would open their mints for a term of years to an increased coinage of silver, on the undertaking that the Indian mints should remain open to free coinage, but he also recommended that part of the bullion in the issue department of the Bank of England should be held in silver."

❀

This statement, coming from Mr. Chaplin, who has been so largely instrumental in arousing the agricultural party in England to the importance of bimetallism, and who gladly makes note of the "clamorous demand" of Lancashire manufacturers for the settlement of this question, must be taken as expressing the utmost help we may expect from Great Britain in re-establishing the system demanded by all great parties in the United States. This amount of help, however, would be of the first importance in relieving the strain of the present international demand for gold—the demand which has sent down prices with such disastrous effects upon all classes except creditors (and, indeed, has injured many of them through the bankruptcy of those to whom they had lent). Every million dollars of silver currency substituted for gold lessens by so much the dishonesty of the present standard. We use the word dishonesty advisedly, for the plain demand of honesty is that the value of money shall be kept uniform, so that the great body of debts may be paid with the same amount of property as was borrowed. The single gold standard, by its gross inability to increase the supply of currency in pro-

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portion to the increasing demand, is the "unjust weight" and "false balance" of modern commerce.

❀

The Emperor of China has issued an edict ordering a hundred thousand Manchus and Pekingese to hold themselves ready for war service. The Chinese policy is, of course, to have a prolonged struggle, and to have most of it on land. Of the vast numbers of men, however, whom the Emperor can call into the field, not more than seventy thousand have received a proper training or are properly armed. Their officers, too, have been undermined by the peculation which seems a part of Chinese official life. For instance, a captain draws pay for a hundred soldiers when he has fifty, and the exalted position of Titai (general and admiral combined) has a real value many times greater than its nominal salary of $6,000. Both the commissariat and the medical service of the Chinese forces are at the lowest level. As to the first, the army is supposed to live off the people it conquers; as to the second, the doctors are powerless except in simple cases, and there is no army hospital. On the other hand, Japan has already 160,000 men under arms, and can at any time put double that number into the field. Half are armed with repeating and half with single rifles. The policy of the island empire is, naturally, to maintain naval warfare wherever possible, and to strike sudden and brilliant blows. As to land struggles, Count Ito knows well that, in the long run, even his educated soldiery are risking much in conflict with a nation ten times as large in population. For this reason, even should Japan gain the final victory, it would seem poor policy to annex Korea. Indeed, the Japanese themselves have repeatedly announced their determination to provide only for Korean independence and reforms, by which not only Japan, but all the world, would be benefited. Meanwhile the other powers have not been idle. England, France, and Russia have agreed not to permit an attack on Pekin, and their respective squadrons have been ordered to interfere should the Japanese vessels approach Taku, one hundred miles distant and at the mouth of the Peiho River, on which the capital is situated. Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France, and the United States have each sent a war-ship to protect the foreign residents at Tientsin (between Taku and Pekin). The garrison of the Taku forts consists of 35,000 men, drilled by German instructors. Nothing daunted, the Japanese are reported to have already landed 20,000 men above Taku. The war news of the past week has not been important. There seems to have been a second unsuccessful attack on Port Arthur by the Japanese, and they are rapidly sending forces north from Chemulpo.

❀

The Dutch Indies, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the rest, seem ordinarily so quiet that the news of the native victories in the island of Lombok, one of the Sunda chain, comes as a startling surprise. It seems that in suppressing the rebellious natives the Dutch troops were badly worsted in a disastrous battle at Tjakra Negara; and as, in addition, the water-supply failed, the troops were compelled to retreat towards Mataram, the capital, in which retreat they were continually harassed and lost many more men, the total number of killed for General Vetter's column being about four hundred. It now appears that the two other columns which have been separately operating in Lombok have also sustained heavy losses, and that the leader of one, Colonel van Pabst, has been killed. Mataram itself has now fallen, and for a brief moment the rebels are triumphant indeed. While the natives have fought with all the fury of their Islam faith, the Dutch, with no less characteristic pluck, have instantly set to work to retrieve these disasters. So surprisingly well protected are their Indian possessions that they were able to order five steamers carrying troops and arms to sail at once from Batavia, Japan, to the rebellious island. General van der Wijck, the Governor-General of the Dutch Indies, has called together a council of military and naval commanders, who will determine upon further decisive measures. The topographical character of Lombok makes it a difficult land to conquer and to hold when conquered. With an area of only two thousand square miles, it is traversed by two chains of mountains whose highest summits reach an altitude of twelve thousand feet. These mountains, as has been the case in Cuba and Korea, have been the strongholds of the rebels. The lowlands are rich in crops of rice, cotton, maize, sugar, coffee, and indigo, out of which the canny Dutchmen have already made a pretty penny. They will hardly permit the natives to lessen their commercial or political supremacy. In Holland this succession of crushing defeats has cast a gloom over all classes. The Queen-Regent has even commanded that the usual festivities on the occasion of the little Queen's birthday be abandoned.

❀

In accordance with the new bill drafted by the Joint Commission, the personnel of our navy is completely reorganized. First of all, the course at Annapolis, now four years followed by a two years' cruise, is made five years in all. Annual practice-cruises are taken, lasting four and a half months, and participated in by certain classes. Two leaves-of-absence are given during the course. The maximum age-limitation is lowered to seventeen years, the same as at West Point. Secondly, the grade of commodore is merged with that of rear-admiral; and there will now be sixteen rear-admirals. The number of captains is increased from forty-five to sixty, and that of the commanders from eighty-five to one hundred. There are to be seventy-four lieutenant-commanders, two hundred and fifty lieutenants, and seventy-five lieutenants junior grade. The number of ensigns, the lowest commissioned grade, is reduced to enough to make up the aggregate number of active officers now fixed by law. Upon the recommendation of the Board of Rear-Admirals, the President may appoint and the Senate confirm a Rear-Admiral, selecting him from the list of captains, in analogy with the appointment of Brigadier and Major-Generals in the army. The promotion in all other grades is by seniority. Thirdly, on their own application, and after thirty years of service, officers ranking above the grade of lieutenant may be placed on the retired list, with three-quarters sea pay. After thirty-five years' active service all officers are to be considered as candidates for the reserve list or for voluntary retirement. Thus a fair plan is offered for the retirement of officers—of whom we have now too many. Now as to results. The lowering of the maximum age at Annapolis and making the entrance examinations rudimentary in character brings officers to command-rank at an earlier age than now. Added to the direct increase of officers in the higher grades, the systems of voluntary and enforced retirements allow sixteen promotions annually to the commander's grade, and twenty to that of lieutenant-commander. Thus more rapid advancement is trebly insured. In view, however, of the enlargement of the retired list and the added cost incurred by the reserve list, Congress may not approve the thorough study of the subject which the Joint Naval Commission crystallizes in this bill.

❀

General News.—The published rumor that Monsignor Satolli was about to be recalled to Rome has been authori-

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tatively contradicted; all indications point to the permanency of his mission.——The Grand Jury in New Orleans has indicted eleven members of the City Council, including its President, and also the city engineer, on charges of corruption; railway franchises have been sold corruptly, sums amounting to over $150,000 cannot be accounted for, and in many other respects the Grand Jury found startling evidence of extended corruption.——Ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton has signified his willingness to become the Republican candidate for the Governorship of New York State.——The latest reports from Samoa tell of continued fighting between Malietoa, assisted by the naval commanders of German ships and the rebel forces. ——A great fire among the flower-boats moored in the Canton River last week caused, it is reported, the loss of about a thousand lives.——The health authorities in one town of Prussian Silesia, Myelswitz, reported last week one hundred and sixty new cases of cholera and eighteen deaths; in Galicia also the disease is spreading; a few cases exist in Holland.——Hong Kong has been officially declared free from the plague.——The Cunard steamship Lucania arrived in this port last week after a passage of five days, eight hours, and thirty-eight minutes from Daunt Rock to Sandy Hook; this reduces the record by about an hour and a half.——It is alleged that an Anarchist plot to kill the King of Greece has been discovered.——Several thousand garment-workers in New York City are now on strike.

The Count of Paris

The Count of Paris, the head of the royal house of France, who, as we go to press, is lying at the point of death at Stowe House, in Buckinghamshire, England, is in his fifty-sixth year. He was the son of the amiable Duc d'Orleans who lost his life by the fall of his horse in 1842, and was the grandson of Louis Philippe, the last King of France. He was born in the Tuileries during his grandfather's reign, and lived there till he was ten years old, when the Revolution of 1848 drove the royal family into exile. He lived with his mother and brother at Claremont in England, where the princes were educated. When the Count of Paris was twenty-three years old, he came to this country with his brother, the Duc de Chartres, and their uncle, Prince de Joinville. The two young princes were volunteer aids, with the rank of Captain, on the staff of General McClellan. They accepted commissions with the understanding that they should receive no pay and be free to resign at any time. They saw service for about a year in the Virginia campaign of 1861–2, and participated in several battles. At Gaines's Mill, as staff-officers of the Commanding General, it became their duty to guide reinforcements to General Fitz John Porter, who, with 27,000 men, had been attacked by an army of 64,000. Soon after this battle they resigned and returned to England. The cause of their departure was, no doubt, the attitude of the French and United States Governments towards each other on account of Louis Napoleon's interference in the affairs of Mexico. It would have been most impolitic for French princes, one of whom hoped some day to be King of France, to be in the service of a country at war with the French. War between the two countries was not very imminent in 1862, but it became so several years later.

When the Count of Paris had returned to England, he kept close watch of military affairs in America, and was engaged for many years in collecting data for a history of the war. This he published in 1874 and 1883, and his volumes contain much valuable material relating to the great contest between the North and South. When the history of the war comes to be written, the volumes of the Count of Paris will be frequently referred to. In very many regards it is at present the fairest and most unprejudiced account of the war that we have. In 1890 he paid a visit to this country, and was entertained by his old companions in arms. Wherever he went he was received with distinguished attentions. He visited the battle-field of Gettysburg, and had the movements of the armies explained to him by distinguished survivors of that great fight.

The impression that the Count of Paris made on those who met him on his last visit to this country was most agreeable. They found him to be accomplished, amiable, and graceful, and always modest, tactful, and considerate. These same qualities had always made him a man of much popularity in England, where he was long prominent in society. He lived for many years at Sheen House, near London, and was a familiar figure at the picture shows and book sales of the English capital. To Americans he was always most hospitable, and his interest in the people and the affairs of the United States was not in the least affected. He was probably also sincere in the belief that the republican form of government was not suited to the tastes and characteristics of the French people, and for that reason he no doubt felt justified in the mild little conspiracies that he assisted in to re-establish the French monarchy, with himself as King. The total and ridiculous failure of the most conspicuous of these conspiracies did much to injure the Count of Paris in the estimation of serious Frenchmen, whether Republicans or Royalists. It has been generally believed that he supplied much of the money spent by Boulanger to keep himself prominent in France. When the Boulanger bubble burst, the cause of the Count of Paris was utterly ruined.

During the Presidency of Thiers the Count of Paris was admitted to membership of the National Assembly, by vote of which the property of the Orleans family confiscated by the State was restored to the owners. About the same period the Count of Paris, who was then, in a measure, imitating the example of his great-grandfather, Philippe Égalité, by posing as a republican, recognized the pretensions of the Count of Chambord to the throne of France as superior to his own. Ten years later, in 1883, when the Count of Chambord died, the hopes of the Legitimists were centered in the Count of Paris, for he became the head of both the Bourbon and Orleans branches of the royal house of France. In 1886 the Count of Paris was expelled by law from France, and thereafter he lived in England. Every now and then he would issue a manifesto to inform French royalists that he had not abandoned his hopes. His most recent utterance contained this clause: "France is beginning to yearn for a strong government to end scandals and avert dangers arising from the existing régime. Experience proves that she will never find such a government under the republican form. Still, the royalists, while reserving the question of principle, must not allow themselves to be accused of systematic obstruction." This sentiment was published very lately, and may have been his last address to his friends in France. His successor in the empty pretension is his eldest son, the Duc d'Orleans, who was born in England twenty-five years ago. This young man made a stir in France a while ago by trying to enlist in the French army. He was put in prison for a few months and then sent out of France. He does not appear to have the serious virtues of his father, who was a man of intellectual force, and who, had he been

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born in a less conspicuous station, would in all probability have made for himself a still more honorable name and fame than those he possessed. Not often can this much be said of princes.

"Heresy and Schism"

Mr. Gladstone's article in the August "Nineteenth Century" on Heresy and Schism has attracted public attention because of the distinguished character of the author rather than because of any remarkable value in his contribution to the problem of Church unity. This article contains more than anything we have ever seen from his pen to give color of justification to the criticisms so often brought against him by his political opponents. It is subtle and ingenious rather than profound, and suggests the adjustment of a long-standing controversy, not by the discovery of some radical principle deeper than the superficial debate, but by suggesting the material surrender by both parties of real and profound religious convictions.

Mr. Gladstone's position may be easily summarized in a paragraph. He assumes that Christ founded a visible and organized Church, to be a standing witness in the world for him; that to sever one's self from this Church is schism, that to depart from its standards of Christian faith is heresy, and that these in the primitive Church were serious offenses, not to be condoned. But both heresy and schism have taken place and have become permanent facts. The present Nonconformists have not created but have inherited them, and there is an enormous difference between the founder of a heresy and those who inherit it. As God condemned Korah, Dathan, and Abiram for instigating a schism, but patiently accepted the fact of schism and heresy when it had been accomplished by the secession of the ten tribes, and continued to send prophets into the Northern Kingdom, and to recognize piety in certain of its kings, so the Church to-day may legitimately pass over the continuance of heresy and schism in the descendants of the Puritans. It was a duty to resist heresy and schism while they were in progress; but they may wisely be accepted now that they have become permanent and apparently unchangeable facts. There is, however, a point beyond which this condonation cannot legitimately go. "With exceptions so slight that we may justly set them out of the reckoning, the reply is still the same as it was in the Apostolic age: the central truth of the Gospel lies in the Trinity and the Incarnation, in the God that made us and the Saviour that redeemed us." The marvelous concurrence of Romanist, Greek, Anglican, and Protestant in these great central truths at once constitutes a remarkable witness to their truth and affords the basis of a true undenominational religion. If—so at least we understand Mr. Gladstone—the heretic denies these doctrines, let him be as a heathen man and a publican; if he accepts them, let the Church disregard his schism in separating himself from the Church, and his heresy in other and minor points.

We do not believe that Mr. Gladstone's ingenious article constitutes a valuable contribution to the problem of Church unity, because we do not believe that either party will, or indeed can, accept it. The Anglican will reply that an offense is not to be condoned because it is persisted in; that since, by the terms of the Lambeth Articles, the Church has freely offered to the schismatics the gift of Apostolic succession, and so a corporate existence in the visible and organized society which Christ constituted, their refusal to accept it is a fresh act of contumacy, a renewal of the original schism. Courtesy may prevent his saying this in terms quite so explicit; but, however veiled and gracious his phraseology, this will be his logical position. And we do not see how he can consistently take any other. The Nonconformist, on the other hand, cannot conscientiously assent to the fundamental assumption of Mr. Gladstone's article, that Christ formed a visible and organized society on the earth, with Apostles designated as his successors and empowered to choose successors in turn. The Nonconformist does not believe that the grace of God is thus piped and conduited; he believes, on the contrary, that it falls like the rain and distills like the dew, and that all the sons and daughters of God are his prophets. He regards this doctrine of ecclesiastical exclusiveness as identical in spirit with that Judaistic form of Christianity against which Paul contended with vehement earnestness in his insistence that the Gentiles need not become Jews in order to become Christians, and that he himself was an Apostle, no whit behind the other Apostles, though he had never received Apostolic ordination or commission. These two conceptions of Christianity—one that it is a human society, divinely constituted as a visible witness in the world; the other that it is a spiritual life, bestowed on each individual soul according to the measure of his receptive faith—cannot be harmonized by proposing that one party plead guilty to inheriting a schism which they will not abandon, and the other party forgive them their offense without insisting on their repentance.

We may add that, if the unity of the Church is to be built upon any dogmatic basis, the one proposed by Mr. Gladstone would not be the right one. Christlieb's famous creed, "Sin and salvation," would afford, both historically and philosophically, a much better dogmatic basis than Mr. Gladstone's; for this creed can be easily translated into the terms of spiritual life, having their exact counterpart in the two experiences of repentance and faith. If Church unity ever comes, it will not be the result of a surrender of cherished convictions, nor will it be based on an ecclesiastical foundation, such as an acceptance of "the historic episcopate," even though the spiritual value of that episcopate be left undefined; nor will it have a dogmatic basis, even though the dogmas be but two in number, as the Trinity and the Incarnation. It will grow out of a recognition that spiritual life is more than either ecclesiastical order or philosophical definition, and out of a consequent agreement that all who sincerely repent of sin, and strive to cure themselves and their fellow-men of sin, under the leadership and in the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, are "one in Christ Jesus," however they may differ in their methods of work or their philosophical definitions.

Mr. Crooker's Third Error

Following the criticisms in our issues of August 18 and 25 on the politically controlled public schools of New York—surely a warning to other States—we now wish to imitate Mr. James F. Crooker in calling attention to the *pro rata* share of the primary and secondary educational systems. In his annual report for 1894, Mr. Crooker, who is the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, wrote as follows: "The unnecessary expense of sustaining two educational departments is sufficiently great, alone, to entitle this question to serious consideration, and, as a matter of State economy, I most respectfully recommend that the Legislature in its wisdom adopt measures to change this dual system into a single-handed, responsible management of all State educational interests, by which a great deal of expense may be spared the Treasury. Such measures would be in the line of good government and in the inter-

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ests of the taxpayers." We agree with Mr. Crooker as to a change from the dual system. But where he proposes to put the schools deeper into politics, we propose to take them out.

Mr. Crooker opposes the "use of the public-school funds for higher education beyond a *pro rata* share with the elementary schools." He seems to overlook the fact that more than seventy per cent. of the local cost of the maintenance of the public schools is raised by local taxation, and that boards of education in union free school districts are especially prohibited by statute (Laws of 1894, ch. 556, sec. 23) from applying to the high schools any part of the moneys apportioned to the common schools under their charge. The amount of public money appropriated for the support of high schools is very small as compared with the moneys apportioned directly for common schools. Take Buffalo as an instance of the amount of school moneys unfairly diverted. The common schools in that city received in 1894 $125,157.42, while by the last apportionment the Buffalo high school received only $3,974.34. The average daily attendance of children of school age in the Buffalo schools was 26,062, while the average attendance per term in the Buffalo high school was 980. In other words, the "*pro rata*" for the elementary schools was $4.80, while that of the high school was only $4.05. The figures for the whole State are even more convincing. The apportionment by the State for higher education in 1893, including the apportionment to academies, that to the examination department and to the Regents' office, was $148,500. The average daily attendance in Regents' schools was 32,760. The State appropriations for elementary instruction, including cost of reform schools and other institutions inseparably connected with any scheme of public elementary education, were, in 1893, $4,909,750. The average daily attendance for the State of children of school age was 688,097. The "*pro rata*," therefore, for the elementary schools was $7.13, while that for the high schools was only $4.53.

Superintendent Crooker announces himself as "an ardent advocate of fostering higher education," and professes to advocate for the high schools "a *pro rata* share with the elementary schools" of public funds. If Mr. Crooker is sincere, he should advocate, on his own line of reasoning, an increase in the appropriations for the support of the high schools.

Furthermore, Mr. Crooker himself represents the control which politics has on our schools, for he was chosen simply because Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan named him. Mr. Crooker now desires that politics shall control higher as well as elementary education, by the abolition of the University Regents who have secondary instruction in charge, and that he shall undertake their powers in addition to his own. The Superintendent holds office for three years, and has already too much power for one politically appointed. He apportions public-school money appropriated by the Legislature, he supervises the reports of School Commissioners (they need supervision, too, since some of those gentlemen do not know how to spell correctly), he has charge of the Indian schools, and he appoints pupils to be sent to the institutions for the deaf, dumb, and blind. More than all, he constitutes the court of final appeal in all disputes, and has power to carry his decisions into effect. All this exists in a system popularly supposed to be that of local self-government.

Not only is there no attempt made to limit these centralizing powers, but their holder actually proposes to usurp those of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, a board of gentlemen representing all parties and sections of the State, and selected only for their high ability in matters of instruction and culture. Their work is absolutely unpartisan, and is thus at utter variance with that of the Superintendent. At present the Board consists of the following distinguished men:

Martin I. Townsend, LL.D., Troy; Anson Judd Upson, D.D., LL.D., Glens Falls; William L. Bostwick, M.A., Ithaca; Chauncey M. Depew, LL.D., New York; Charles E. Fitch, M.A., Rochester; Orris H. Warren, D.D., Syracuse; Whitelaw Reid, LL.D., New York; William H. Watson, M.D., Utica; Henry E. Turner, Lowville; St. Clair McKelway, LL.D., Brooklyn; Hamilton Harris, LL.D., Albany; Daniel Beach, LL.D., Watkins; Willard A. Cobb, M.A., Lockport; Carroll E. Smith, Syracuse; Pliny T. Sexton, LL.D., Palmyra; T. Guilford Smith, M.A., C.E., Buffalo; Bishop William C. Doane, D.D., LL.D., Albany; Lewis A. Stimson, M.D., New York; the Rev. Sylvester Malone, Brooklyn.

Is Superintendent Crooker better fitted to do the work which is so intelligently performed by these gentlemen, or are they better fitted to do his? Why not give them the chance and thus lift the schools out of politics? An amendment to this effect, that the Regents shall appoint the Superintendent of Public Instruction, is now before the Constitutional Convention at Albany. Every member of that Convention should be instructed by his electors as to whether they wish the public schools to continue under the dominion of politicians, or whether they desire public education to be directed and guarded by men trained and fitted for the work.

Editorial Notes

—We must not let the eighty-fifth birthday of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes pass without a word of congratulation on his hale and sound old age and his young and cheerful spirit. Among our "Literary Notes" will be found some pleasant autobiographical chat from the "Autocrat" himself.

—The "office-boy who owns the office" is sometimes spoken of by business men. Evidently a much-tried sufferer from the complaint is the man who advertises in a New York daily paper: "Sealed proposals for the services of an errand-boy in a publishers' office will be received for three days; it is hoped that applicants will condescend to specify the character of work they are willing to do for a remuneration of three dollars a week."

—It is reported that the Christian Endeavor Societies and kindred Methodist and Baptist leagues of Indiana are quietly but earnestly organizing to make their political influence felt in securing the enactment and enforcement of laws against the liquor traffic and other public moral evils. This movement, which Mr. John G. Wooley has urged with so much force and enthusiasm, is full of hope to those of us who believe that political duties are also religious duties, and will never be efficiently performed until the religious sentiment of the people impels the performance.

—The very cultivated Russian Jew who, deprived of his government post and expatriated at the time of the last persecution of his race, now occupies the position of janitor at the New York University Settlement, has discovered our National anthem. One evening, when he had been playing the Russian hymn, the "Watch on the Rhine," the "Marseillaise," and "God Save the Queen," he remarked that he would now play our National air. The interest aroused was replaced by a decided mixture of feelings when he began with perfect gravity to play "After the Ball is Over." In a philosopher's scales this international episode might outweigh the Behring Sea complications.

—Our able and always esteemed contemporary "The Congregationalist" remarks: "The Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford is an admirable correspondent at home or abroad, but he is not the only American who is competent to write letters to our religious papers, the 'British Weekly' to the contrary notwithstanding. Twice now has that journal reprinted extracts from the English letters written for us by our managing editor and credited them to Dr. Bradford." We congratulate Dr. Bradford (an interesting letter from whom will be found on another page) that his fame is so great that all good things are attributed to him, Mr. Bridgman that his letters are so good as to be taken for Dr. Bradford's, the "Congregationalist" that it has Mr. Bridgman's letters, and The Outlook that it has Dr. Bradford's. But we call upon the "Congregationalist" and the world at large to condole with us upon the fact that the New York "Tribune" attributes Mr. Dailey's remarkable article on "The Saloon, the Church, and the School," in our issue of August 25, to "a writer in '*Outing*'"!!

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Some American Artists

By Susan M. Ketcham

MR. JOHN S. SARGENT was recently asked, in London, regarding American art. "American art!" he exclaimed; "there is no such thing." Entering the splendid galleries of the Fine Arts Society, in Fifty-seventh Street, near Seventh Avenue, New York City, where forty of the strong American artists are now represented in the "Group Exhibition," one must protest that Mr. Sargent is "neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet."

Mr. Howard Russell Butler, as President, should head the list; for his brain conceived the idea of the Fine Arts Society, his pluck and push transformed a "castle in Spain" to this solid marble monument marking an epoch in the history of American art. Mr. Butler, "a man of few inches—every inch a man," summoned together the clans—artists, architects, and members of the Art Students' League—and organized the Fine Arts Society. They bought ground, drew plans, and erected this building (at a cost of $400,000), where the three societies in one dwell together in millennial peace. For the last six years Mr. Butler has devoted himself to marines, painting on the coasts of Cornwall, of Brittany, and at his summer home at East Hampton, L. I. His is never "a sea of glass," but always in motion, "an everywhere of silver." One specially charming picture is a shore view of tender color in quiet evening light, except the summits of three sand-hills which have caught and held the afterglow. This note of rosy light seems to sing in the pervailing gloom as a final chord of music—the harmony hangs and vibrates in surrounding silence.

W. M. Chase

Mr. William M. Chase (whom Indianians proudly claim), re-elected for many times President of the Society of American Artists, is the busiest, as he is the most versatile, artist of America. He gave himself ten years in Munich to find whether he had talent. Every morning, before class hour, he visited the old masters at the Pinakotek. "Then I flew to my easel at such a rate that my coat-tails stood straight out behind, that I might not lose the inspiration." His master's opinion of his talent was proved, beyond a peradventure, in giving Mr. Chase the order to paint his (Piloty's) children.

Mr. Chase's summers are spent in his beautiful cottage on Shinnecock Hills, where pupils flock by scores from north, south, east, and west. The remainder of the year he teaches two painting-classes at the Art Students' League, one at the Brooklyn School, and at his own studio a class for women, mornings, and for men, afternoons. The wonder is that he finds time or strength to paint. But one always sees something delightful under way on his easel, and something fine just finished. He is often called upon to talk to men's literary clubs, as well as to the prominent art schools of the large cities. His talks are epigrammatic, his quick intuitions and clear comprehension driving directly to the point.

J. Carroll Beckwith

Mr. Chase's studio is a Mecca to art-lovers. The open-sesame (a heavy iron knocker) reverberating through the corridors, setting the mysterious music of the Dutch door-chimes a-going, is followed by Mr. Chase's cordial greeting. The walls are covered with studies dating from his student days, and with pictures by his friends, old masters and the new. Antique hangings, bric-à-brac, unique ornaments from the ends of the earth, make the place rival Aladdin's palace. On reception days the faint odor of incense and soft harmonies of the harp add a charm.

Edward A. Bell

In the Fifty-Seventh Street gallery Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield shows a most impressive group. There is dignity, almost majesty, in his work. His "Choir-Boys," painted in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, through the courtesy of the church authorities, was done during the siestas of summer noons, from twelve M. to four P.M., when all Italy dozes and dreams in "dolce far niente." Thus Mr. Blashfield escaped the obiquitous critic. The boys posed with swinging censers, singing in processional.

Mr. Blashfield, tall, slender, fair, with a gentle, courteous manner, is an ideal American, though he has lived abroad twenty years, going with Mrs. Blashfield, on an average, every two years. They seek some quaint old town, and settle down for months of study and for writing—articles written by Mrs. Blashfield, illustrated by her husband, and published in "Scribner's" and the "Century." These show careful study, profound thought, and wide research in art, history, and literature. Speaking of her husband's not teaching, Mrs. Blashfield quoted: "We are born so young, and the world is so old;" adding, "One must have ideas in order to paint."

"The Angel of the Flaming Sword" Mr. Blashfield considers his best picture. The strange light emanating from the two-edged sword, making the "outer darkness" visible, illumines the inflexibly upright figure with its pitiless blue eyes and its firm, untender mouth. It is a wonderful portrayal of immutable, irrevocable moral law. "The Bells" was hung, in the Philadelphia Academy exhibition, at the head of the entrance stairway. Looking up, it was as if one were in the tower—the bells actually swinging high above. Studies for the angels were made separately from Italian models in Paris. Men were used for the bodies, as more perfect in violent action, and women for the heads, as more beautiful: thus carrying out the accepted idea that angels are neither male nor female.

Charles C. Curran

Mr. Blashfield went to Florence for the bells, but, finding those of Giotti's Campanile too shut in, he returned to Blois. Here, in the Church of St. Nicholas, the bells hung in the open, and there were twin towers. His studio was seventy feet high; its cracks and crannies were filled with flora and fauna sown by the wind. Swallows and pigeons hovered round as he painted, and a rook constituted himself critic, croaking and scolding like a veritable master! The old sacristan, who had rung the bell for forty years, looked on with loving interest.

Mr. Blashfield is a member of the Board of the National Academy of Design, and originator of the Municipal Art

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Society (which through its wide membership is to have money to pay competing artists for the decoration of public buildings; thus the new Criminal Court Room is now in process of decoration without cost to the city treasury); in fact, he is a member of every important art society of New York.

Edward A. Bell always shows in his work originality, individuality, and refinement. There is real intrinsic beauty in his pictures. One of his last successes was achieved in the "Fire Dreamers," which took a National Academy prize last year. Mr. Bell has a remarkably bright and happy face, is thoroughly alive, and enjoys the battle of life in a sunshiny world, yet he is thoughtful, quiet, and dignified. He lives unostentatiously in the beautiful home of his mother and married sister, devoting his days closely to his own work, to his studio class, and to his Fifth Avenue school. June locks his studio door, and metamorphoses this painter into a sailor. The proud owner, captain, and crew of the yacht Daphne, he rides the gales or sails the calm seas of Peconic Bay till November. Twice a week he lands to criticise his summer class, located alongshore in the pleasant farm-houses of New Suffolk. Mr. Bell's art studies began in boyhood. Later he went to Munich for ten years of study and work in his own hired house in the village of Etzenhausen. Here, with two friends (often suddenly increased to seven), he lived, paying $1.50 rent per month for his house, orchard, and vegetable garden. There were three stories in the high roof—light being let in by inserting occasionally a pane of glass instead of a tile.

Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith was born in Missouri, and lived in Chicago until the great fire. He might easily be judged a Frenchman from his appearance and bearing; but his cordiality marks him Western, "to the manner born." After years of study in Paris with Carolus Duran, he and Mr. Chase crossed the ocean together and were together installed instructors of the Art Students' League—for life, it would seem, as after fifteen years each continues to hold his place. Mr. Beckwith is teacher of drawing from the antique. He is the one man who insists upon the study of the antique. Many of the younger men, as Messrs. Du Mond and Wiles, began the study of art with him. His informal talks are in manner felicitous, in matter full of interest and information. On his easel is a life-size portrait of a Seventh Regiment officer in full uniform. He laughs as he exclaims, "How they love to be painted in their uniforms!" The background is the old Armory, for which he made a careful study in color. "So this will be historical," he said. He has already painted five of these portraits, and will do others. Mr. Beckwith has just been elected a member of the National Academy of Design—one of the three (out of eighteen) candidates who successfully ran the gauntlet of the conservative Academicians.

Mr. Charles C. Curran was born in Kentucky just before the war, when the political climate was too warm for comfort, and migrated early to Ohio with his parents, who established an academy at Marietta. He has the fine physique and hearty manner of a thorough American. His subjects are either intensely ideal—as syrens—or peculiarly American, as boy in a corn-field entertaining himself with the music of a corn-stalk whistle. He has taken several important prizes. On his easel is a design lately exhibited in the New York Athletic Club for the decoration of a room for athletics in the house of Mr. Clark (donor of the prize fund of the National Academy of Design), the finest room of the kind in the country. F. S. Church has decorated a similar space in the room with a burlesque—a company of bears fencing, caricaturing the members of the athletic club—size, form, and feature indicating plainly the men. Mr. Curran's picture is a company of nymphs disporting themselves gracefully on greensward flecked with that artist's favorite purple iris. In the center of the group and foreground two nymphs are fencing with long blades of grass. There is every opportunity for the grace of movement and the delicacy of color which always appear in Mr. Curran's work. He anticipates great trouble in finding a model who knows the art of fencing. He says, "So far they all insist on running the hand straight out before them, as if they were going to stick a needle into a fly!"

Parsifal

By Elbert F. Baldwin

Some persons interested in the Munich and Dresden Wagner representations have been declaring of late that Baireuth has failed because the performances there this season of "Lohengrin" have not seemed to them on a par with those of the other music-dramas. Indeed, one foreign journal avers that Baireuth may continue to exist as a place of amusement for splenetic Englishmen and rich Americans, but no longer as the Mecca for Wagner-lovers. It seems well, therefore, to say that the Baireuth performances continue to be, with few exceptions, as superb as ever. If this be true of Wagner's works in general, how emphatically true it is of that great religious music-drama not given outside of the *Festspielhaus*![1] To transplant "Parsifal" from this serene and classic soil to noisy and vulgar city streets would be to blaspheme both art and religion. Even should other dramas decline, "Parsifal," that unique wedding of church and stage, celebrated with unheard-of scenic effect by Wagner the mechanician, and in this theater designed by Wagner the architect—"Parsifal," I say, the immortal story told by old Wolfram von Eschenbach, put into vigorous text by Wagner the poet, and then set to immortal music by Wagner the composer—this alone will ever attract pilgrims by a mightier magic than that which brought the Greeks to their Olympic games.

If in other Wagner works both acting and singing must be of the highest, how pre-eminently necessary is it for the symbolic personality of the "Parsifal" characters! For the part of Amfortas, the type of suffering humanity, Reichmann, of Dresden, was the composer's own choice, and Reichmann is still singing at Baireuth as unrivaled as ever. Kundry, exerting no will-power to break the bands of sin—in short, the Magdalen—who could better give to this rôle its unspeakable pathos than Therese Malten, of Dresden, or Rosa Sucher, of Berlin, the greatest sopranos of the world, and both on duty this season? In the characterization of the hero himself, the Christ-symbol, we have in Ernest van Dyck, of Vienna, an ideal Parsifal. The orchestral conductors this year, too, are equally eminent—Hermann Levi, the veteran Director of the Munich Opera, and Felix Mottl, the Court Kapellmeister at Karlsruhe. Added to them for the first time appears Richard Strauss, the composer of "Guntram."

Not gayly as in man-made town, but reverently as befits the God-made country, do the Wagner worshipers bend their steps toward the—I had almost said church, so powerful is the impression made by the insistent seriousness of the *Festspielhaus*. The pilgrims move on through the long avenue of trees leading up the hill and out into the country. If some Romanist were to count his beads in passing, it would seem only appropriate to this really religious journey.

At last we are on the height and in front of the theater. The little capital of the old Margraves of Baireuth lies far below. It is near four o'clock. On the balcony above us now appear trumpeters, who play a *motif* from the first act of "Parsifal" to call the great assemblage within. What an assemblage it is—the music-friends of many nationalities, and not looking so splenetic, either!

We enter the theater. It is a nobly proportioned auditorium, with but scant decoration, and that in severe simplicity. There are no boxes, nothing but rows of seats, and back of all a gallery. Wagner said that he would repeat a Greek theater, and he has. We find our places, and in an incredibly short time every one has done the same. It becomes very dark, and soon nothing can be seen. Complete blackness and stillness reign. These are the moments of silent consecration. Now are heard the first chords of the orchestra. The overture is nobly given, and is a "song without words," telling us the Parsifal story.

In the northern mountains of Spain stands the Castle of Monsalvat (Mountain of Salvation), and in this castle live the Knights of the Holy Grail. The ancient legend runs

[1] *Festspielhaus*, the name of the Wagner theater or opera-house in Baireuth, literally means "Festival-play House."

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that, after the Last Supper, our Lord bequeathed the Grail to his disciples, and, furthermore, that into this very cup his blood was gathered as he lay nailed to the Cross. Of course, since then the cup had wrought only miracles, imparting life to all who beheld it. Even Titurel, the former King of the Knights, was still alive, though now over five hundred years old. The Knights held also another treasure, namely, the spear with which Longinus, a Roman soldier, had pierced our Saviour's side.

The King of these Knights was Amfortas. Kundry, a servant of Klingsor, the King of Evil, had seduced the weak monarch to sin during his war with Klingsor. While Amfortas lay in her arms this holy spear fell to the ground. Klingsor, of course, suddenly appeared and seized the weapon, with which he wounded Amfortas. As the sin had been mortal, so was the wound. From it Amfortas must ever die, yet never quite. Only one thing could heal the wound, namely, the mystic sword which gave it.

All this time we have been looking at a lovely scene. It is early in the morning, and we are in a wood near the Grail-castle. In the foreground are some knights at their devotions. A swan drops. An enemy has shot it. He is discovered to be Parsifal—a silly, shambling-looking youth, who is dragged in and scolded roundly by old Gurnemanz, the major-domo. As a punishment he must come to the castle. Meanwhile we have been walking up to the castle, whose portal we now pass and enter the chapel. Singing in solemn processional, the boy and youth choirs advance through the long aisles. The voices deepen as the Knights enter, two by two. One before bears the Grail in its casket. Last of all Amfortas appears, carried on a litter. He selfishly refuses to uncover the Grail, which, in prolonging the lives of the Knights, will also prolong his own agony. Reproached by their replies, the King at last commands the pages to uncover the shrine. The Knights sink upon their knees. Amfortas raises the chalice, when, lo! the blood within it suddenly blazes; the King places the Grail back on the tabernacle and sinks exhausted upon his couch. The pages fill the cups standing on the round table, and by every cup there is a piece of bread. The Knights betake themselves to the literal observance of the solemn feast, kneeling in ecstatic prayer. Silence reigns for a moment or two. Now they rise, each communicant embracing all of his brothers, and leave the chapel. Their chanting voices gradually cease. One hears far away the solemn clang of chimes in the bell-tower, announcing that the feast has once more been celebrated. The chapel seems empty. But no; away over there, by a pillar, stands Parsifal, as he has stood throughout the scene, silent, rooted to the spot. The curtain falls.

Are we still of this *fin-de-siècle* earth? we ask ourselves as we find the doors open and the green hills still smiling in the sunlight. To the wooded slopes we straightway betake ourselves. There is, fortunately, enough country hereabouts to give each one a bit of friendly solitude, and there is, as fortunately, an hour between each act. It is a necessary respite. Do we call Goethe the great genius of the first half of this century? Surely Wagner is of the last half. Goethe affects us by one art; but with Wagner, especially in "Parsifal," we know not whether the poem, the setting, or the music has moved us most. Not only as regards art, but also as regards religion, does a "Parsifal" performance move men, for Christianity has been illustrated as never before. No one could detect the slightest irreverence, but, instead, the lessons of redemption and of brotherhood are profoundly emphasized. The hearers of "Parsifal" have not been to the theater as it is ordinarily understood. They have been to church; aye, to communion.

The peaceful country, then, is just the rest and restorer one needs after such mighty impressions—rest interrupted at last by the blare of trumpets from the outside gallery. It is the Magic *motif* this time. The second act, therefore, represents the castle of Klingsor. He calls Kundry to seduce Parsifal, who is now in the neighborhood of the magic Oriental garden, realizing the Mohammedan paradise, "where the fountains are ever flowing, the fruits ever golden, the women ever young." The living flowers are maidens, who, in leafy attire, branch-swaying movement, and delicious lullaby music like that of the Rhine daughters in the "Götterdämmerung," are already fascinating the simple youth. Kundry now appears, and Parsifal is quickly conquered. With the first kiss, however, his ignorance is instantly changed to knowledge. In his inmost nature he now knows how even a king falls before intoxicating impurity. With all his might he suddenly resists tempation, for through human sympathy he as suddenly feels and appreciates the King's wound. Kundry calls for aid. Klingsor appears, aiming the mystic spear at Parsifal's head. Wonderful to relate, the sword darts across the scene, and then remains stationary in air! Parsifal grasps it and makes the sign of the cross, at which the fairyland becomes a desert. As at the end of the first act, Parsifal is left alone on the stage. Then he was a boy. Now he has suddenly shot up into manhood, for he recognizes his great mission in the world. We are reminded of the close of each of the parts of the "Divine Comedy," where Dante leaves the densely peopled worlds, first of Hell, then of Purgatory, and comes forth to "see the stars." With "Parsifal," however, the active is changed to the passive; the hero is left alone; the worlds, first of Good and then of Evil, fall back.

Another hour out-of-doors. The sun had just set, but the yellow fields seem still to hold the light, while the dark forests are somber with the approach of night. Years are supposed to pass for Parsifal during this hour. Following self-conquest has come the conquest of others, and it has taken years to force his way through such warring back to Monsalvat. It is Good Friday, and the motives of nature and religion are appropriately blending into one glorious psalm. The first spring blossoms, too, bud forth as the now manly Parsifal, the Christ-type, approaches. He meets Gurnemanz, grown very old, who had before brought him to the communion scene. He meets Kundry, now genuinely repentant and become a Grail-servant. She is dressed as a nun; she says never a word during the entire act; but what stories Gurnemanz has to tell! Amfortas had grown ever weaker both in body and in will. Consequently the Grail had not been so often uncovered. Life was therefore ebbing; the King praying for death, Titurel really dead at last, and the Knights declining in numbers. Only by the sword's touch can healing come to the wound, Gurnemanz repeats, and their faith is still firm that the sword will one day be recaptured by him who shall be King, for only he can bring them redemption. They recognize the spear, and do Parsifal reverence. Kundry then loosens the Knight's armor, and, like the Magdalen, bathes his feet in the brook and dries them with her long hair. Gurnemanz anoints him as King, and Parsifal, rising in royal dignity, performs his first kingly and priestly act, in baptizing Kundry. The three then slowly proceed toward the castle, and we with them, for the scene is again imperceptibly changing. We enter again the familiar chapel. The round table is gone—a sad sign. The choirs come in as of old, then the few Knights, then the tottering King, and lastly arrives the bier of the dead Titurel. The King will not uncover the Grail. The Knights rebel, but after these years of torture he is more than ever determined to cut short his agony, and the Grail would only give him new life. He calls upon death as his one redeemer; he rushes among the brothers and begs them to live, but to kill him, and to kill quickly. At this instant Parsifal appears. What a change from the "pure fool"—*fal-parsi*—is this august presence! He immediately stretches out the spear and touches the King's wound, which heals at once. Amfortas greets him as a divine apparition and as King. All are kneeling in like obeisance. Parsifal mounts the steps of the altar, sinks in prayer before the Holy of Holies, and then, with infinite majesty, grasps the Grail, lifts it on high, and presents it to all. The Blood glows within, and new life comes to each, even Titurel being raised. A white dove flies into the cupola, and, descending, sways over the new King's head. The choirs break forth into joyous chorals. The curtain falls.

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Selected Short Stories

I.—A Tragi-Comedy of Creeds[1]

By I. Zangwill

It is the purpose of The Outlook to print under the above title characteristic short stories which shall be representative of the best work of writers of fiction who have lately attained a strong hold on the attention of the reading public. The editors have also chosen the stories with a view to their especial fitness for being read aloud. In each case special permission to make this use of the story will be obtained from the holder of the copyright. With each story will be printed a portrait and a very brief sketch of the author. Mr. Zangwill, whose "Tragi-Comedy of Creeds" begins this series, made his first distinct literary success two years ago with "The Children of the Ghetto"—a success soon reaffirmed by his "Ghetto Tragedies" and established even more firmly by "The King of Schnorrers." He is the story-teller of the modern Hebrew, just as Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett are the story-tellers of the modern Scotch peasant, Miss Barlow of the Irish peasant, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins of the New England of to-day, and Mr. Page and Mr. Harris of the New South. A discussion of his literary methods and the character of his work will be found under the title "The Jew in Fiction" in The Outlook of March 3, 1894. It is said that Mr. Zangwill is inclined to resent the imputation of a specialism which confines his skill to the depiction of his own race. His novel "The Master," now being printed in "Harper's Weekly," is in quite another vein, and he has printed some short stories aiming to be in manner "man-of-the-worldish" and "fin de siècle." His real success, however, has been so far almost solely in the one direction. Though his great popularity is of quite recent growth, he has been writing for not a few years. The story is told that while working hard for his degree at London University (which he received with the highest honors when only twenty years old), and while teaching in a primary school to support himself, he wrote a poem which a fellow-teacher assisted him to publish. But this fellow-teacher, in his zeal, placarded the town with posters about the book, and was promptly arrested by the police. Thereupon Mr. Zangwill was ordered to resign his teacher's position or give up publishing. He chose the latter course, but in a few years, tired out with the ultra-conservatism of London school trustees, threw himself on his own resources, and has been a literary free-lance ever since. His friend Mr. Burgin thus describes his personal appearance in an article in "Harper's Weekly:" "Walk down Fleet Street some bright spring afternoon and see Zangwill come slowly along, peering with shortsighted vision into shop windows with an abstracted air. He usually wears a long black frock-coat, and his raven curls are surmounted by a curious little soft black hat which seems to have as many shapes as a chameleon has hues. He generally carries some MSS. under his arm, is slightly round-shouldered, thin, without a particle of color, stoops a little, and scorns an umbrella in any weather." There is, as our readers will notice, a certain facial resemblance between Mr. Zangwill and Lord Beaconsfield.

I. Zangwill

Not much before midnight in a midland town—a thriving commercial town, whose dingy back streets swarmed with poverty and piety—a man in a soft felt hat and a white tie was hurrying home over a bridge that spanned a dark crowded river. He had missed the tram, and did not care to be seen out late, but he could not afford a cab. Suddenly he felt a tug at his long black coat-tail. Vaguely alarmed and definitely annoyed, he turned round quickly. A breathless, roughly clad, rugged-featured man loosed his hold of the skirt.

"'Scuse me, sir—I've been running," gasped the stranger, placing his horny hand on his breast and panting.

"What is it? What do you want?" said the gentleman, impatiently.

"My wife's dying," jerked the man.

"I'm very sorry," murmured the gentleman, incredulously, expecting some conventional street-plea.

"Awful sudden attack—this last of hers—only came on an hour ago."

"I'm not a doctor."

"No, sir, I know. I don't want a doctor. He's there, and only gives her ten minutes to live. Come with me at once, please."

"Come with you? Why, what good can I do?"

"You're a clergyman!"

"A clergyman!" repeated the other.

"Yes—aren't you?"

The wearer of the white tie looked embarrassed.

"Ye-es," he stammered. "In a—in a way. But I'm not the sort of clergyman your wife will be wanting."

"No?" said the man, puzzled and pained. Then, with a sudden dread in his voice: "You're not a Catholic clergyman?"

"No," was the unhesitating reply.

"Oh, then it's all right!" cried the man, relieved. "Come with me, sir, for God's sake. Don't let us waste time." His face was lit up with anxious appeal.

But still the clergyman hesitated.

"You're making a mistake," he murmured. "I am not a Christian clergyman." He turned to resume his walk.

"Not a Christian clergyman!" exclaimed the man, as who should say "not a black negro!"

"No—I am a Jewish minister."

"That don't matter," broke in the man, almost before he could finish the sentence. "As long as you're not a Catholic. Oh, don't go away now, sir!" His voice broke piteously. "Don't go away after I've been chasing you for five minutes—I saw your rig-out—I beg pardon, your coat and hat—in the distance just as I came out of the house. Walk back with me, anyhow," he pleaded, seeing the Jew's hesitation. "Oh! for pity's sake walk back with me at once, and we can discuss it as we go along. I know I should never get hold of another parson in time at this hour of the night."

The man's accents were so poignant, his anxiety was so apparently sincere, that the minister's humanity could scarcely resist the solicitation to walk back at least. He would still have time to decide whether to enter the house or not—whether the case were genuine or a mere trap concealing robbery or worse. The man took a short cut through evil-looking slums that did not increase the minister's confidence. He wondered what his flock would think if they saw their pastor in such company. He was a young, unmarried minister, and the reputation of such in provincial Jewish congregations, overflowing with religion and tittle-tattle, is as a pretty unprotected orphan girl's.

"Why don't you go to your own clergyman?" he asked.

"I've got none," said the man, half-apologetically. "I don't believe in nothing myself. But you know what women are!"

The minister sniffed, but did not deny the weakness of the sex.

"Betsy goes to some place or other every Sunday almost; sometimes she's there and back from a service before I'm

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[1] Reprinted from Mr. Zangwill's "The King of Schnorrers: Grotesques and Fantasies," by special permission of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of New York. The portrait of Mr. Zangwill has been redrawn for The Outlook from "Harper's Weekly," by special permission, and the original is copyrighted (1894) by Harper & Brothers, New York.

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up; and so long as the breakfast's ready I don't mind. I don't ask her no questions, and in return she don't bother about my soul—leastways, not for these ten years, ever since she's had kids to convert. We get along all right, the missus and me and the kids. Oh, but it's all come to an end now," he concluded with a sob.

"Yes, but, my good fellow," protested the minister, "I told you you were making a mistake. You know nothing about religion; but what your wife wants is some one to talk to her of Jesus, or to give her the Sacrament, or the Confession, or something, for I confess I'm not very clear about the forms of Christianity; and I haven't got any wafers or things of that sort. No, I couldn't do it, even if I had a mind to. It would ruin my position if it were known. But, apart from that, I really can't do it. I wouldn't know what to say, and I couldn't bring my tongue to say it if I did."

"Oh, but you believe in *something?*" persisted the man, piteously.

"H'm! Yes, I can't deny that," said the minister; "but it's not the same something that your wife believes in."

"You believe in a God, don't you?"

The minister felt a bit chagrined at being catechized in the elements of his religion.

"Of course!" he said, fretfully.

"There! I knew it," cried the man in triumph. "None of us do in our shop; but, of course, clergymen are different. But if you believe in a God, that's enough, ain't it? You're both religious folk."

"No, it isn't enough—at least, not for your wife."

"Oh, well, you needn't let out, sir, need you? So long as you talk of God and keep clear of the Pope. I've heard her going on about a Scarlet Woman to the kids. (God bless their little hearts! I wonder what they'll do without her!) She'll never know, sir, and she'll die happy. I've done my duty. She whispered I wasn't to bring a Roman Catholic, poor thing! I fancy I heard her say once they're even worse than Jews. Oh, I don't mean that, sir. You're sure you're not a Roman Catholic?" he concluded, anxiously.

"Quite sure."

"Well, sir, you'll keep the rest dark, won't you? There's no call to let out you don't believe the same other things as her."

"I shall tell no lie," said the minister, firmly. "You have called me in to give consolation to your dying wife, and I shall do my duty as best I can. Is this the house?"

"Yes, sir—right at the top."

The minister conquered a last impulse of mistrust, and looked round cautiously to be sure he was unobserved. Charity was not a strong point with his flock, and certainly his proceedings were suspicious. Even if they learnt the truth, he was not at all sure that they would not consider his praying with a dying Christian akin to blasphemy. On the whole, he must be credited with some courage in mounting that black, ill-smelling, interminable staircase. He found himself in a gloomy garret at last, lighted by an oil-lamp. A haggard woman lay with shut eyes on an iron bed, her chilling hands clasping the hands of the "converted" kids, a boy of ten and a girl of seven, who stood blubbering in their night attire. The doctor leaned against the head of the bed, the ungainly shadows of the group sprawling across the blank wall. He had done all he could—without hope of payment—to ease the poor woman's last moments. He was a big-brained, large-hearted Irishman, a Roman Catholic, who thought science and religion might be the best of friends. The husband looked at him in frantic interrogation.

"You are not too late," replied the doctor.

"Thank God!" said the atheist. "Betsy, old girl, here is the clergyman."

The cloud seemed to pass off the blind face, and a wave of wan sunlight to traverse it; slowly the eyes opened, the hands withdrew themselves from the children's grasp, and the palms met for prayer.

"Christ Jesus—" began the lips, mechanically.

The minister was hot with confusion and a-quiver with emotion. He knew not what to say, as automatically he drew out a Hebrew prayer-book from his pocket and began reading the Death-bed Confession in the English version that appeared on the alternate pages.

"I acknowledge unto Thee, O Lord, my God, and the God of my fathers, that both my cure and my death are in Thy hands. . . ." As he read, the dying lips moved, mumbling the words after him. How often had those white lips prayed that the stiff-necked Jews might find grace and be saved from damnation; how often had those poor, rough hands put pennies into conversionist collecting-boxes, after toiling hard to scrape them together, so that only she might suffer by their diversion from the household treasury!

The prayer went on, the mournful monotone thrilling through the hot, dim, oil-reeking attic, and awing the weeping children into silence. The atheist stood by reverently, torn by conflicting emotions, glad the poor foolish creature had her wish, and on thorns lest she should live long enough to discover the deception. There was no room in his overcharged heart for personal grief just then. "Make known to me the path of life; in Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." An ecstatic look overspread the plain, careworn face; she stretched out her arms, as if to embrace some unseen vision.

"Yes, I am coming, . . . Jesus," she murmured. Then her hands dropped heavily upon her breast; the face grew rigid, the eyes closed. Involuntarily the minister seized the hand nearest him. He felt it respond faintly to his clasp, in unconsciousness of the pagan pollution of his touch. He read on: "Thou who art the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow, protect my beloved kindred with whose soul my own is knit."

The lips still echoed him almost imperceptibly, the departing spirit lulled into peace by the prayer of the unbeliever. "Into Thy hand I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. Amen and Amen."

And in that last Amen, with a final gleam of blessedness flitting across her sightless face, the poor Christian toiler breathed out her life of pain, holding the Jew's hand. There was a moment of solemn silence, the three men becoming as the little children in the presence of the eternal mystery.

It leaked out, as everything did in that gossipy town and among that gossipy Jewish congregation. To the minister's relief, his flock took it better than he expected.

"What a blessed privilege for that heathen female!" was all their comment.

Union for Moral Action

By Grace King

The Union for Moral Action is one of the answers to that cry for moral action which has been rising more and more imperatively in France through each year of the past decade. The cry for moral action, from Church, politics, art, literature, society, is one of the forms in which the gradual spiritualization of French thought during the past quarter of the century has manifested itself.

The immediate progenitor of the Union for Moral Action is Paul Desjardins, or rather his stirring pamphlet, "The Present Duty." With its intense personal fire and eloquence; its noble confessional acknowledgments of the man and the author; its earnest, heart-pressing exhortations for renewed faith, love, and charity; its inspired call to the Ideal, the Soul; the demand that the coming of the Kingdom, or the evolution of humanity—no matter, the author says, what you call it—be worked for positively, not negatively, "The Present Duty" sounded to many in France, in the New Year of 1892, like a veritable voice in the wilderness, a forerunner of a possible salvation to come.

The pamphlet soon rallied a small but earnest, eager group of co-volunteers around the young author. A period of crucial waiting followed. Would there be a definite action? What would it be? A myriad of delicate

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doubts and apprehensions harassed those consciences whose hopes for reform threatened conflict with the Church, and as much anxiety tormented those who feared the manipulations of the Church in any project of definite reform.

After nine months there appeared, in the August number of the "Revue Bleue," the long-hoped-for sequel, the Present Duty and its complement in the mind of the author—"Simple Notes for a Programme of Union and Action." They give the convictions of Desjardins that the Present Duty, effectively, is a Union for Moral Action. The following extracts from the "Simple Notes" define his meaning of "moral action" and his plan for union:

"*Our Spirit.*—We unite ourselves to struggle against the weakening—each day more visible and more menacing—of the social tie, which tie consists partly in the consciousness of the solidarity of interests, but much more in the sentiment of the rights of others, in respect for law, and devotion to the public welfare. We think we cannot be able to succeed without putting our own selves under the domination of a spirit of reason. . . . By reason we mean a principle of order, union, and sacrifice. We call reason the power of going out of one's self, in affirming a superior law, the *idea* of which is found in man, and only the reflection of it outside of him—a law which man does not make, but which he can understand, and by it understand all, if he accepts it and submits to it.

"Happy to receive among us, without distinction of belief, men of practical faith resolved to act against evil, we address ourselves especially to those who have no positive faith, but who believe that in man the spirit should command, not serve, because in the spirit alone is the end and significance of life, which has no value except such as the spirit confers upon it, by affixing its mark upon it. To those who have this conviction, who think that truth is the good property of man, not to be made a plaything, an amusement, but something to be seized with a firm grasp, to attach one's self to; to those who seek the peace of a certainty, and who know that it is not to be conquered once, but ever reconquered, we say, 'You are *in* the truth; what you are doing, others are doing like you, with you. In the combat you are sustaining we bring to you, and we ask from you, moral support and friendship.' . . . We believe that a common action supposes a common thought, and that action can confirm and consecrate a common faith, but not create that faith. We hope to realize unanimity, we do not pretend to start from it.

"But, in putting our thoughts into a precise formula, we shall take care not to shut ourselves up in one. We will remember that slavery to words is the root of fanaticism. Fanaticism, therefore, shall be foreign to us. We shall act round about us with calmness and constancy, showing in our daily life the spirit that animates us, and opposing it to all spirit that is not pure and generous. We will sympathize with all good work, no matter by what political party or by what church, and without fear of increasing the power of either church or political party. It is of little importance to us from whence comes the daylight, whence the salvation.

"*Our Rule.*—We wish to know for ourselves the benefit of rule, discipline, resignation, renunciation; to teach the perpetual necessity of suffering, and explain its creative character; to combat false optimism, the low hope of a happiness that comes ready-made, faith in salvation by science alone, and a material civilization; . . . to combat, also, by example, bad morals, public or private, luxury, over-delicacy, super-refinement, all that produces a sorrowful, unmoral, and anti-social multiplication of wants, all that excites hatred and covetousness in the hearts of the populace, and engenders the belief that the end of life is to enjoy in liberty; to preach by example the respect for superiors and equals—respect for all men, and an affectionate simplicity in our relations with inferiors and the weak. . . . For the populace is what we make it; its vices are our vices, contemplated, envied, imitated; and if these vices fell with all their weight upon us, it would only be justice.

"*Our Action.*—We wish to rescue public spirit, first of all in ourselves, then in others, by our initiative and by the ascendency of a pure and active charity. We will deprive ourselves to give, we will subtract from our comfort our well-being, all that a just regard for the sentiments of others permits, reflecting that the necessity of to-day is often merely the superfluity of yesterday, and that the superfluities of one are often made up of the necessities of others.

"The good that we do, we will do, as much as possible, directly; . . . our charity will not corrupt, for it will be the vehicle of love. . . . The charity that corrupts is anonymous, impersonal, mechanical charity. . . . Some charity confounds the one that gives with the one that receives. . . .

"Our first thought, our first task, often a very difficult one, will be to help towards happiness by charging to our account the reasonable desires of others, relieving them from egoism by putting our love in its place. This is the true gift, the only gift, and the perfect instrument of salvation: to make one's self loved by loving with a manly love, which means loving with sacrifice; and to teach others thus to love. Everything lies in that. . . . Our principle will be, in our relations with men, to substitute justice for charity, or rather to make justice the opportunity of charity. We will never consider ourselves acquitted towards any man by giving in return for any service the mere letter of the contract or bargain. . . . The chain of necessary service is the connecting link prepared by nature between hearts; it is the divine road of charity by which we have access to the souls of others. . . . There is no other way of re-establishing social harmony: an exalted spirituality, preached first by example, by action, and gaining, one by one, the souls of those about us, detaching them from what divides us, and teaching them by experience what is the true good, the good that unites us. But we will detach now from the false good, the good that divides, as long as we continue in it ourselves, and all the preaching, all the associations of good will, will avail naught. We must first furnish our proof, and, instead of appealing only to the liberty of others, we shall put in motion among them the power of the good, by the acts of our own personal liberty.

"Success depends upon what one knows, what one dares, but, above all, upon what one gives, what one sacrifices. We create, in broad daylight, without afterthought and without mystery, an active union, an order laic and militant for public and private duty, the living kernel of future society. We hope to obtain something from others, after having obtained a great deal from ourselves."

The programme thus simply outlined has been carried out. The Union for Moral Action has entered its second year, possesses a domicile, edits a bi-monthly pamphlet, holds weekly and monthly meetings, and finds a constantly enlarging circle of work and activity. Of its "Bulletin"—as it calls its official publication—of the plans and hopes, the propagation of good literature, the popularization of master-works of art, the revival of good old French song-tunes and freighting them once more with timely, patriotic words, mention only can be made here.

Of the noble self-sacrifice, devotion, and simple truthfulness of life to ideal, exhibited by the leaders of the Union, it seems profane even to make mention. Suffice it to say that in the Union, and in the men composing it, there is promise, for one small part at least in France, for that "union" without which, as the prophet says, "the people die."

Wise Sayings

A wise man carries all his treasure within himself; what fortune gives she may take, but he leaves nothing at her mercy. He stands firm and keeps his ground against all misfortunes, without so much as changing countenance.—*Seneca.*

Above all, beware of the suggestion that beauty is a thing apart, to be added to specially favored wares, rather than an essential in all right workmanship, from the furrow driven by the plowman to the glorious cathedral towering over its ancient city.—*Benson.*

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The Spectator

"Was you ever to Noo-uck?" This was the inquiry the Spectator once heard the beautiful daughter of a distinguished citizen of New Jersey make of a Princeton student. If the Princeton lad had misunderstood the query, which he did not, he would surely have been pardonable; had he asked for a restatement of the question, the beautiful young lady would have explained that she meant "Noo-uck, Noo Jersey." The beautiful young ladies of Newark in New Jersey, when they are also tolerably well educated, do not frame their sentences as ungrammatically as this particular statesman's beautiful daughter did, but, as a rule, they do give the sound of "u" the sound of "oo." They read "noospapers;" they buy meat of "boochers;" when they have been certain of anything they "knoo" it was so; and so on. But this New Jersey rule of pronunciation has its exceptions—a few, not a "foo"—for when they go to church they sit in pews, though when they cook oysters they frequently "stoo" them. This slovenly method of pronunciation is more general, perhaps, in New Jersey than elsewhere, but it is common enough in both New York and Connecticut. A cultivated Bostonian of the type sometimes called Beacon Street Brahmins would scorn it, and some of the females of the type would affect not to know what was meant by "Noo York" or "Noo-uck." But the Bostonians, even though they do probably speak a more correct English than the people of any other part of the world, have little peculiarities of their own so remarkable that they have no warrant to put on airs over their less fortunate fellows, however much they would "admire" to do so.

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The Spectator has long believed that an observant person who has traveled much in the United States ought to be able to tell in a very few minutes after meeting an American what city, or at least what State, each new acquaintance is from. The Spectator can tell a Boston man by his hat, before the two have had speech together, and in the Bostonian's speech there is no chance for mistake. It sounds English to those unacquainted with both English and Bostonese; but it is too good for English—far too good. It is more, perhaps, like the English that is spoken in Dublin by the Trinity College men. But, as was said before, it is not perfect, by a long shot. When the Spectator remembers the fact that he has in his whole life heard only one or two persons who in speaking approximated perfect English, he wonders what is meant by those who say of this ordinary person or that: "He speaks French perfectly." Do they mean that their friend speaks French as imperfectly as he speaks English? Probably they only mean that he can make himself understood in French and can "parlez vous" when in Paris without attracting the embarrassing attentions of the police.

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The accent, the voice, the pronunciation, and the method of expression of the Philadelphian are so strikingly his own that he is a marked man the world over. His "a" is sharper than that of any other English-speaking person, and his "r" has a peculiar roughness which the Spectator cannot describe; while the old English "me" for "my" has passed away elsewhere, being preserved, outside of Philadelphia, only on the melodramatic stage. "Hand me me hat," a Philadelphian will say, and the uninitiated stranger, hearing such a command or request for the first time, is apt to suspect that some sort of comedy is about to begin. The people of high fashion in Philadelphia, the Spectator is informed, have been made aware of their peculiarity of speech, and are endeavoring to come nearer to the Boston standard. But the Spectator is also told that, however well they succeed with their "a's," their "r's" continue to baffle them, and in moments of animation or excitement each mother's son of them will call for "me hat," just as their fathers and grandfathers did. These little provincialisms are amusing, to be sure, but are not in the least offensive, and the Philadelphians themselves good-naturedly laugh at them with the rest of the world. While the "r" of the Philadelphian is rough to musical ears, it is smoothness itself in comparison with the "r" of the people of western New York, northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The manner of rolling the "r" customary with the generality of the people who dwell in the sections named is horrible. When a man in Cleveland, in Indianapolis, or in Chicago says to you, "Good-morning," he utters the last word as if it had at least four "r's" in it instead of only one, and the greeting has a rasping sound which changes its intended pleasantness into something almost of menace. The Spectator is inclined to believe that the teachers in the public schools are to a great extent responsible for the undue accentuation of the "r" in the speech of Americans. "What is an 'r' for," a school-teacher will say, "if not to be pronounced?" and therefore the children are taught in many parts of the country now to say "iron" and "apron" as though each word had three "r's" in it, while persons nice of speech ignore the "r" in both words.

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Speaking of ignoring the "r" reminds the Spectator that most persons of Southern birth ignore nearly all of their "r's," and speak of the "doo'" for door and "floo'" for floor, and so on. Unquestionably many of the peculiarities of Southern speech are due to negro influence; and the negroes, being natural musicians, naturally reject a harsh sound whenever they can. Therefore the negroes have no "r's" at all, and the white people brought up with negroes have at most only a suspicion of this unmusical letter. To recover from the effect of early habit and association in childhood with negro nurses and servants is one of the almost impossible things. The Spectator has known men and women who left Southern homes in early youth and lived in the North or in Europe for many years without losing the habit of leaving out the "r's" and dropping the "g's" in their speech, besides clinging to other peculiarities which each reader of The Outlook will readily and without effort recall. The Spectator knows a lady who left her Southern home at twenty. She has lived in the East fifteen years, and during that time has seen little of Southern people and nothing of negroes. She is a woman of fine mind and wide cultivation, and yet when not on her guard will say "tur-ectly" for directly, without herself being aware of the slip.

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The American people speak a great many kinds of English—English that is at once very bad and very good. It is so good that the English of one section is entirely intelligible in every other, which is more than can be said for the English of the people of the mother country. It is so bad that when the Spectator has been abroad for a time and has returned home, the language of his countrymen has not seemed a language at all, but a kind of slovenly gibberish without rules and devoid of force. We appear to be content in this country, so far as speaking is concerned with what in the world of sport is called a "go as you please" method. The Spectator is persuaded that this is a great pity, and has far-reaching influences. Carelessness of speech begets carelessness in the use of the voice, and a harsh or sharp voice is one of the least desirable possessions in the world. But such voices are very common among American women; indeed, the Spectator is sorry to say that sharp voices in speaking are the rule in America, and the low, sweet voice the rare exception. He recalls having heard a Milwaukee girl sing several years ago. Her voice in singing was highly trained, and she warbled like a nightingale. He asked to be presented, that he might thank the young lady for the pleasure she had given him. He has always regretted that he did not suppress this courteous desire, for the speaking voice of this beautiful singer had not been trained at all, and was as harsh and sharp as broken glass rubbed in vinegar. Vocally this young girl was an illustration of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The generality of American girls sing very much better than English girls, but in speaking the English women are far superior—their voices being better trained, and the rising inflection of their speech tending towards a smoothness and sweetness of utterance which give to mere commonplaces the effect of eloquence. We are no doubt a very great people, but we can subject ourselves to a deal of polishing without the slightest fear of suffering from the process or deteriorating by reason of too much refinement.

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The Home

The Remedy within Each Gate

There is no one subject discussed among people of refinement and of limited incomes with more earnestness than that of the beauty of simplicity in living. It is urged from the highest moral grounds; it is needed because the elaboration in forms of entertaining is killing the spirit of hospitality that was one of the chief graces of our ancestors. The elaboration of dress destroys leisure; elaboration in furnishing homes makes such inroads on incomes as to prevent such enjoyments, whether of recreation or of study, as would minister to the growth of the family intelligence. There is no subject that finds the same unanimity of opinion as this. Limitations amounting to slavery are imposed by that tyrannous "They" whose identity has never been established, and whose impersonality defies the courts.

The remedy is in the control of every woman who believes that the beauty of living to-day is being marred because a weak imitation of wealth in the homes of too many becomes vulgarity. Courage has its place as truly in social life as in military life, and more than one private has changed the result of encounters. All that women—for they are the social leaders everywhere—need is the courage to entertain within the limits of purse and strength; the courage to decide how they shall clothe the spirit of hospitality which dwells in every well-regulated home, and keep it ever visible to the busy world, making a resting-place where men may find that which they most need—entertainment that does not impose a burden, and companionship that means refreshing of the very springs of life.

Social Training of Children

By Sarah Bain

The imitative faculty is the first to develop in the child; therefore the wise educator begins the training of his morals and manners through association with the people most highly cultivated in both.

But how few wise educators there are! Most children under the age of ten in the wealthier classes are consigned to the close companionship of an ignorant nurse, with the occasional and somewhat haphazard supervision of parents. The cleverness and culture of the father, the gentle breeding of the mother, count for very little in the up-bringing of the young child, because he comes so little in contact with them.

The claims of business, society, philanthropy, and religion are all so many ropes drawing parents and children apart from each other. The father returns from his day at the office with irritated nerves and exhausted physical powers. The first command of the considerate wife is: "Nurse, take the children away! Papa is tired."

It is a different picture that Burns draws of the home-coming of the Scotch peasant, when "the toddlin' weans in muckle din" rush out to climb into the father's arms. But exhausted vitality is one of the penalties that outraged nature exacts from the dweller in cities who overworks his mind and underworks his muscle; and to nervous exhaustion the romping play of childhood is often acute torture.

Thus much of the father's influence is missed from the child's daily life. How is it with the mother's?

"Oh dear!" said a little girl. "There's company at luncheon to-day, and we children don't know where to go or what to do." The coming of the guests meant to these poor little exiles banishment and solitude, while their elders were making merry in the midst of good cheer. It is all wrong.

Many a nursery is practically an orphan asylum, presided over by a young, untaught, untidy Irish girl. How can it be expected that from such an institution will emerge well-mannered, well-groomed young people with social intuitions? Darwin himself never claimed for the principle of heredity that it had force enough to conquer hostile environment.

Do not deceive yourselves, O parents! You have not done your duty by your children unless you have given them *yourselves*. No legacy of wealth or social position will take the place of that great gift.

It is you who must teach them, from the cradle, the social obligations devolving on dwellers in a community, even a nursery community. It is yours to see that the earliest motives to which their infant minds are taught to respond are high and not paltry; that they learn that they must be clean and quiet and orderly and cheerful, not in order to be liked or commended or admired, but that they may contribute their share of comfort and well-being to home and society.

It has been said with equal wit and wisdom that the keynote of good manners is—B natural. The worst social faults of childhood are affectation and self-consciousness, both of them often the direct result of their training. "Robert, do not drum with your feet! Mrs. Black is not accustomed to little boys who do so. *Her* little nephews always sit still at table." "Sally, *do* tie up your shoe! Here comes Miss Brown, and you know how particular *she* is."

The clear, direct consciousness of the child is grievously confused by such directions as these, which seem to imply that it is the presence of the visitor which makes noise and untidiness wrong. Nor is this the worst effect. The child at once receives the impression that he is to be the subject of criticism, and, instead of welcoming the guest with spontaneous pleasure, he comes forward with the shyness born of self-consciousness; and this is often increased by finding himself the subject of conversation.

Nothing is more common or more cruel than this focusing of the attention of a company upon a shy child who experiences untold suffering at finding himself in the pillory of public notice.

In the parlor of a summer hotel the other day I saw a timid little girl of five years creep up to the chair of a lady who, loving children cordially, said, in that unmistakable tone of encouragement which goes straight to the childish heart, "Come, Toddlekins, jump up here into my lap!"

The mother of the child, sitting near with her fancy-work, remarked, without looking up: "She gets to be a dreadful bore after a while. Don't hesitate to push her off when you get tired!"

If that girl should make the same remark about her mother twenty years from now, she would incur the censure of the world as an undutiful and brutally inconsiderate daughter; but would it not be the natural outcome of such a training? A child is a composite photograph, and will surely represent every shadow passing before the sensitive plate of its mind. If you would have your children courteous, you must treat them with courtesy.

Cardinal Newman never wearied of dwelling on the necessity of holding up a winning example to draw men to a higher life. If it be the wisest way of lifting up men, still more is it the wisest, in fact the only, way of teaching children.

Give them the *best* of yourself, of your friends, of books, of opportunities, of example. Courtesy cannot be taught like grammar or arithmetic. It must be breathed in with the atmosphere of the home.

Good manners, after all, are only the conventionalized golden rule, and there is no law for childhood that is not the law for grown-up-hood as well.

Courtesy is the natural expression of the genial, gentle soul at home in its social environment:

> For manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal natures and of noble minds.

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The Dual Development

The hardest to accept of all the changes through which a child passes from infancy to middle life are the transition periods. It is so hard to accept that first change, when the baby rebels at the mother's arms, and wishes to use the freedom that has come to it since it found its feet and their use; when, instead of the brain of the mother governing its movement from place to place, it chooses to differ with her. The mother shows by her decisions, even at this early period, how far she recognizes the individuality of the child—its right to decide within the sphere of its intelligence. If the child is only an object of discipline, there is no recognition of its heaven-given right—the right to use its intelligence and gain its experience within the range of that intelligence. Wisdom at this point is the guarantee of the true relation between parents and child. The second transition period comes when the child passes not only from the arms, but from the room, and goes into that outer world where the range of choice is larger. How often our sense of justice, even of righteousness, is violated when we see children made the slaves of a nurse's whims, restricted where liberty is their right, and given their liberty when life and limb are threatened by the freedom! This is the period attended with the greatest danger. Usually a smaller resident is in the nursery, and the mother is held in bonds. There is no doubt that the development of moral weakness in children frequently begins at this period. To the mother who can and does give the care that her child needs, the test comes in recognizing that the period of youth is fast approaching, that strength and intelligence are both rapidly advancing, and that she can produce irritation by failing to recognize this, or can grow through it in her development as a mother. There is something better than obedience secured through outward control, and that is the control that comes from an inner consciousness of the limit of personal liberty. No moral growth begins until freedom of choice and desire are controlled by that moral intelligence which shows that lawlessness is not liberty, but revolution, and brings punishment. The nation that controls the lawlessness within its bounds by guns and ammunition never knows a moment of safety. The nation that is controlled by the education and experience in each citizen can spike its guns. So with parents. The children who are controlled by fear, by sternness, by habits of obedience that are the mere outward expression of lack of freedom of choice, can never know the forces that are accumulating and will find their freedom sooner or later in the life they have marred. The parents who give liberty, and watch to discover the character of the child they are training, are the parents who guide into the realms of spiritual growth. Such a child learns in a natural way its rights as well as its duties, and brings its will into harmony with its intelligence.

The Vacation Fund

The Outlook is read by many working-girls; and this column has become a point of more or less interest to them. One of the causes of unnecessary burdens in the lives of many working-girls of refinement and sensitiveness is the attitude of their companions. The vacation work among working-girls is a comparatively new one, and is still in the experimental stage. The need of vacations for working-girls was recognized many years ago, and steps were made to provide them. No sooner had this begun than a difference of opinion as to methods sprang up, and now we have many houses set aside for the use of working-girls, administered on many systems. Cherry Vale and Craigville, and the houses hired by the Working-Girls' Vacation Society of New York, are administered on the broadest co-operative principle. Every girl who can pay a whole or a part of her board does so; the deficiency is met by the friends of the working-girls, who, through The Outlook, or directly to the Society, send money to be used for the purpose. The pity of it is that the girl who cannot pay her board sometimes has to bear a burden, that is unnecessary and cruel, imposed by her companions. She is made to feel that in accepting her vacation, or, to put it more truly, in becoming the guest of an unknown friend, she is accepting charity. This is an untruth; the girl who makes such a charge, who thinks it even, is woefully ignorant, blindly cruel, or vulgar. There are very few working-girls who could not pay their own way if they kept their wages for their own use. When we remember the scores of girls who never think of such a thing as keeping one penny of their wages for their own use—girls whose wages keep a roof over the heads of widowed mothers and younger brothers and sisters; girls who know what hunger and cold are even when they are earning wages, because there is no other wage-earner in the family, and who never know one moment of regret except the one that hears the awful sentence, "We are going to shut down," by that ruler of their destiny, the "boss"—that such a girl should have to bear the sidelong glance, the cutting words, the implied loss of respect, from a girl whose fortunate circumstances enable her to use her wages for herself, or the girl, too often, of still greater arrogance and less sympathy, who may need her wages only for her clothes, makes one who knows the working-girls' world blush with shame. Every girl who pays her board for her vacation helps to meet the expenses of the houses, and helps in turn to make a vacation possible for the girl who bears the burden of the support of others, the sick girl, the discouraged girl.

This is not a plea to the well-to-do working-girl, it is a statement of facts. The clearer-headed a working-girl is, the better business woman she is, the more clearly she will understand how much $3.50 per week will pay for when it includes railroad fares, rent, food, fuel, wages for servants, care of property, light, repairing and replenishing of furnishings. It is time the mists about the word "self-supporting" were cleared away, when it is found to change the relationship between girls in the same class, when it makes the one arrogant and self-sufficient, and causes, for a time, the other to have a feeling of dependence—and all because the whole question is not frankly treated. To be independent is a good thing when it does not interfere with another; it is brutal when it is made the means of attack upon another whose very unselfishness is the cause of her inability.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ," which is the law of love.

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An Invaluable Discovery

The discovery of a remedy for diphtheria, if used within thirty-six hours, is one of the most important of recent discoveries. Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the New York Health Board, is urging the granting of an appropriation for the purpose of placing this remedy within the reach of physicians. Dr. Biggs, the bacteriologist of the department, has just returned from Germany, having carefully investigated the new method. The discoverer is the famous Dr. Koch, and the method is known as the antitoxine treatment. To secure the antitoxine, the diphtheria poison is given to large animals in small doses, gradually increased. There develops in the blood the cure for diphtheria, called antitoxine. With this the patient is inocu-

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ed, and if the inoculation has been made within the limit of time it is claimed that there is no danger, or little danger, of death. The results in 250 cases have been tabulated, showing that all patients treated within twenty-four hours recovered, 87 per cent. of those treated the third day, 76 per cent. of those treated the fourth day, and 59 per cent. of those treated the fifth day. The average of deaths from diphtheria is now 27 per cent.

The value of this discovery will be fully appreciated; there is scarcely a hamlet in the country that has not, at some time in its history, suffered from this scourge. The means for securing this remedy should be at the command of every health board in the country; and will be if the people demand it.

The Old Clam-House

By W. Bert Foster

In Two Parts—I.

May the fifth never comes round without recalling to my mind the occasion on which my chum, Ferd Perry, and myself met with what was certainly the most exciting and dangerous adventure of our boyhood.

Ferd and I were very fond of aquatic sports, and had few equals among the boys of our acquaintance in either swimming or rowing. The similarity of our tastes on these lines had first drawn us together, and was the means of cementing a boyish friendship of more than ordinary strength, which ripened later into a lifelong fellowship.

We were the first boys to seek the waterside in the spring, and the last to give up our daily swim in the fall. Fully a fortnight before other boys were allowed to go in swimming Ferd and I would have our first dip, and it is a wonder to me now, as I look back upon it, that we did not get our deaths by such proceedings.

But boys are tough. At least, boys who have plenty of healthful outdoor exercise are.

The spring I have in mind was late and extremely cold. We had a light snow on May Day, and everything was exceedingly backward.

But the sun came out warmly the day following, and for several days in succession. Ferd and I, who had been a good deal down in the mouth over the lateness of the season, began to brighten up once more, and when Ferd came over to my house on the morning of the fifth and proposed that we have our first dip that afternoon, I eagerly agreed.

It happened to be Saturday, and both my chum and I were always engaged on that day, all the forenoon at least, in "choring round" for our respective parents. Ferd had to wash his mother's kitchen floor every blessed Saturday, and I—well, I had to perform quite as disagreeable tasks.

When noon came, the sun was almost hidden by heavy, windy-looking cloud-banks, but it took more than that outlook to discourage us—that is, when sport was in question. We slipped away from our homes right after dinner, and met according to agreement at Hill's Wharf, where dwelt a man who kept boats for hire, whom we always patronized. Many a hard-earned dime or quarter went from our boyish pockets into those of that rascal Jerry.

Jerry was an old wreck of a sailor, with an enormous red nose (which, by the way, he often told us, most solemnly, was caused by "chronic erysipelous"), who obtained a fair living from his boat-letting in the summer months, and just managed to keep soul and body together, and the latter well preserved in alcohol, in winter.

"Yes, you kin have a boat," Jerry said, with a leer, when we presented ourselves before him. "But see't you git back afore it storms. Where ye goin'—down ter Sas'-fras P'int?"

We assured him that that was just our destination.

"Wa-al," pursued Jerry, cocking his bleared eye knowingly at the sky, "don't ye go b'low that 'ere, an' if ye take my advice ye won't go in swimmin'."

"We'll see," said Ferd, carelessly, as we stepped into the boat. Ferd never would take advice from anybody, and it's not likely he would from Jerry.

We each had a pair of oars, and, after getting the stiffness out of our joints a little, we made the dirty old boat fairly fly through the water. Sassafras Point, our usual rendezvous during the summer months, was about three miles down the river, and, with the wind in our favor, we made it with comparative ease.

All the while the sky was growing more overcast, and the wind was by no means balmy. But Ferd made no move toward the giving over of our plans, and I was too cowardly to suggest it, although I knew well enough that it was no time to go in swimming.

We beached the boat and stepped out upon the sand. I can remember now just how viciously the little foam-crested waves slapped upon the strand and drove a ridge of small, smoothly worn gravel-stones before them.

There was a fringe of bushes back a trifle from the shore, behind which we were in the habit of dressing and undressing. Ferd scurried behind these at once, and I, not to be behind him, followed suit. In five minutes our naked bodies flashed across the bare strand in a wild rush to see which should plunge in first.

And oh, that plunge! It was deathly cold, and as I rolled and tumbled in the shallow water it seemed as though I was being chilled to the very marrow of my bones.

"Ju-ju-ju-pe-ter! ain't it c-cold!" gasped Ferd, his ardor as surely quenched as my own. "Who'd ha' thought it?"

I had no reply to make, and simply tried by frantic kicking and plunging to get my blood to circulating. But my attempts seemed resultless, except inasmuch as I managed to bark my knees and elbows on the sharp gravel of the river bottom.

At last I got upon my feet, determined to give it up despite any ridicule on my chum's part. But Ferd was before me.

"Let's get out of this," he cried, through his chattering teeth. "Fun is fun, but this isn't to my taste."

I made no verbal reply, but I believe that we made even better time getting ashore than we had on going in. How the wind did whistle around our bare wet legs as we struggled into our shirts!—for, boylike, we scorned such toilet requisites as towels. I shook so that my knee-joints ached.

"This isn't just what it's cracked up to be," Ferd declared, as we finally shoved off again, and headed the boat up the river. "I believe we were fools for going in on such a day."

I did not gainsay him, but remembered with satisfaction that it was he who proposed it.

We soon had something else to think about, however. The wind, which had assisted us on our row down from the wharf, had not obligingly shifted to the opposite direction, but was now, as the sailors express it, "dead ahead." The tide, too, was going out rapidly, and with both these elements against us we seemed hardly able to force the boat through the water.

I never pulled a pair of oars so hard in my life as I did on that afternoon. We didn't say much, but I could see that Ferd, who had the stroke, was working quite as desperately as myself. Every ounce of our boyish strength was thrown into our muscles as we strained forward and back on the rowers' seats.

After half an hour of this pulling I began to be really frightened. Sassafras Point was but a short distance behind us even then, and I began to wonder where we should spend the night if the wind and tide should succeed in driving us back upon the shore. It was time to think of that, too, for, because of the cloud-shadowed sky, it was almost dark now.

"Don't give an inch, Jeff!" Ferd exclaimed, in a sort of gasp. "Pull!"

I saw the necessity for that, without his telling me. If we eased up and lay on our oars for a moment we would lose all the work of the last ten minutes.

Every muscle of my body ached from the unaccustomed strain, for during the winter we had had no opportunity to

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get out in a boat. Still, we doggedly persisted in our task, fighting for every inch of progress.

The night had really begun to shut down upon us, too. Lights twinkled in the rigging of the passing vessels and at the mastheads and bows of those at anchor across the river. On the other hand, too, an occasional lamp in some 'longshore cottage beamed out. Even the outlines of the shore we had left were now but faintly visible, despite the fact of our slow pace.

Suddenly a sharp squall, accompanied by a driving rain from the torn clouds above, assailed us. Our outer clothing quickly wet through to our undergarments, which had been already soaked when we pulled them on after leaving the water. In spite of the desperate exertion of rowing, the moisture chilled us completely.

"B-r-r!" chattered Ferd. "How I wish I was home! Isn't this just beastly, Jeff?"

I was about to respond when, glancing over my shoulder, I discovered a huge, faintly defined object just ahead of us.

"Great Scott!" I shouted. "Here's a vessel. She'll run us down, Ferd!"

I startled him so that he nearly caught a crab in his endeavor to pull his oars and look around at the same time. Fortunately, however, I mechanically kept at the work, and the boat did not swing broadside into the trough of the waves through which we were pulling.

At the first glance, however, Ferd was immensely relieved.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "Pull your prettiest, Jeff, and we'll make it. It's the old clam-house."

His words gave me renewed energy. I pulled with refreshened life now that I knew where we were. The old clam-house, a roomy, disused building resting upon tall piles in the river, would afford us a chance to get under cover from the storm and get our breath back.

A City Apple-Tree

By Estelle M. Hart

Architecturally considered, ours is the queerest apple-tree that I ever saw. Its big branches have twisted and writhed themselves into most fantastic and inconceivable shapes. But it is a friendly old tree, bearing a burden of pink and white fragrance in the spring, a wealth of sturdy green leaves in summer, and a goodly crop of luscious greening apples in the fall. Its many good qualities have each helped to endear it to us; but we love it most of all for the birds that delight to visit it all through the year.

I think it would surprise a city dweller whose windows do not open into such hospitable branches to see the number and variety of little feathered visitors that we have a chance to study in our tree, situated, as it is, but two rods from a busy street.

First in the spring come the robins. It is usually the last week in March when we hear those first welcome notes. The bluebirds make us glad a few days after, and by the first of April our morning and evening concerts are assured. Our greatest favorites, the Baltimore orioles, are sure to put in an appearance the first week in May, when the pink buds are just bursting into white blossoms. A clear, glad whistle is heard outside my window on a bright morning, and, lo! my gallant Lord Baltimore, in his gay coat of orange and black, darts in and out among the blossoms, sipping honey from the fairy cups and drinking a merry health to all the world. Can you interpret the songs that he sings? He is a noted imitator, and upon his first coming repeats for our entertainment portions of the songs that he has heard on his journey hither from the cardinal grosbeak, the crested titmouse, or the Carolina wren. Sometimes, too, he utters strange fantastic notes, which may be memories of a tale that he has listened to in tropical forests.

The robins, the bluebirds, and the orioles are our constant and most familiar visitors. But we are sure to receive occasional calls from a saucy catbird, a shy little brown creeper, a sociable family of chippies, a cedar-bird—most gentlemanly of guests, clad in his smooth fawn-colored satin coat—a martial king-bird that sits on the bough and surveys us with lordly air, and a gay little Maryland yellowthroat that peers at us roguishly from behind his tiny black mask. Sometimes there is a stealthy flight through the branches, and the white breast of a cuckoo gleams among the leaves. He has a quaint, loud call, sounding like distant hammering. The "stake-driver" the boys call him. Occasionally we hear the plaintive murmur of his softer notes. It is a gala-day when we see a joyful gleam of vivid red among the branches, and have a chance to study the lovely scarlet tanager.

In September and October come the downy woodpeckers in their beautiful coats of black and white velvet; and late in the fall, when our summer guests have all fled, come the black-capped chickadees and the white-breasted nuthatches. Right pleasant it is on a sharp morning, when the air smells of snow upon opening one's window, to hear a merry "chick-a-dee-dee-dee," and the muffled "kank-kank" of the nuthatches. These busy little friends make us frequent visits throughout the winter. They generally come together, and do not seem to mind the cold weather a bit. The chickadees fluff up their soft feathers, call cheerily to each other, and hop briskly about with the thermometer at zero. The nuthatches, fine fat little fellows, in their cadet-blue coats and their little black hoods, are the most business-like appearing birds that we have. How industriously they work on the trunk of the old tree, flicking off great patches of bark with their long bills, and bobbing their heads energetically, as much as to say, "That bug was worth working for." They hitch along the under side of the branches, and occasionally stop, head downwards, to take a glance around. In fact, I think they prefer to view the landscape upside down.

Besides these birds that we have come to know fairly well, there have sometimes come rare strangers, whose short calls have marked epochs of surprise and delight.

Once, just at dusk, a little brown owl sat on a horizontal branch and blinked at us in solemn contemplation for ten minutes or so, then flitted off into the darkness. Once a shrill blue jay screamed a greeting from a high bough and bobbed his crested head at us in saucy defiance. Last spring, one day in May, we beheld a most wonderful little vision. I have never been able to decide whether it was a redstart or a fairy. It was a tiny creature dressed in orange and black, with a brilliant fan-shaped tail most beautifully marked. When I first saw him, he was hitching up the trunk of a tree—a most unheard-of thing for a redstart to do; then he darted off, and, dashing back in a second, poised with gleaming, flashing wings as a hummingbird might before alighting. Now, none of my bird books say that a redstart ever does this, or ever hitches up tree-trunks; but one thing is certain: if this little sprite wasn't a redstart, he must have been a fairy prince dressed in a redstart's coat.

Do you wonder that our old apple-tree is a great delight? I wish that every city dweller could keep as much of the country as this beside his door. For if we cannot often visit Mother Nature where she holds high carnival all the year, here she sends us little messengers to tell us wondrous tales and to sing, amid the noise of city streets, sweet songs of woods and fields and flowers.

Unconscious puns are always the most amusing.

"You raise an enormous lot of tomatoes, John!" said the city dweller. "What in the world do you do with them?"

"Why," said Mr. Perry, "we eat as many as we can, and what we can't eat we can."—*Youth's Companion.*

A boy in Chicago, according to one of the papers, is making a living by getting on the street-cars just before they reach a crowded corner, and holding a seat for the woman who engages him. He stands on the corner until he gets a customer, and waves his hand from the car when he is successful. He does not get on an overcrowded car. The customer sees the waving hand and gets on the car, the boy holding the seat until she comes to him.

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For the Little People

In Japan

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

"Come, little pigeon, all weary with play,
Come, and thy pinions furl."
That's what a Japanese mother would say
To her dear little Japanese girl.
"Cease to flutter thy white, white wings,
Now that the day is dead:
Listen and dream while the mother-bird sings."
That means, "It's time for bed."

"Stay, little sunbeam, and cherish me here,
My heart is so cold when you roam."
That is the Japanese—"No, my dear;
I'd rather you played at home."
"Roses and lilies shall strew thy way;
The Sun-goddess now has smiled."
That's what a Japanese mother would say
To a good little Japanese child.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A Kingdom in the Woods

By Mary Willis

It was a lovely place for a birthday party—a broad level with a low hanging tree that made a roof over our heads; the brook curved almost to a crescent about it. On the other side of the brook the rocks rose in a great wall, and the trees hung over the stream and made it just dark enough to make you think of fairies and nymphs; and the crevices in the rocks made you look for gnomes peeking out to see what the strange giants were doing. A great throne of bark was made between a stump and a tree. The tree and stump were wreathed with vines and flowers. The throne was covered with a gay blanket, and a footstool of moss was made. Everything was ready for the boy whose birthday was to be celebrated.

Perhaps you think that when big folks' hair gets gray they lose their birthdays; or you may think they may get lost somewhere about the time that dresses grow long, and long trousers with coats and vests are worn. You are mistaken if you do think so, for birthdays are never lost. Each year they come, and some people prize them so highly that they always remember them, and their friends remember them.

Well, this birthday I want to tell you about was the birthday of a boy six feet tall, and who did not have much hair, and who walked with a cane. He was a boy really in his heart. He enjoyed games and walks; looked for strange plants and flowers and birds and insects; whistled and sang in the woods, and did everything that boys do. So, of course, you agree with me that he was a boy; years do not count.

This big boy with gray hair was in the country, and he supposed that his friends had forgotten his birthday. He was mistaken. For weeks they had been planning what to do, and carefully they watched every word, that they might not give the slightest hint that this birthday was remembered.

It was proposed to take a walk, and, of course, the big boy went with us. He was proud of this place, and that was one reason why it was selected. We reached the wood-road. Some of the party had gone ahead and were waiting at the end of the wood-road with wreaths on their hats. As the big boy came into the wood-road from the main road they greeted him as king, and bowed low and backed before him—for you never turn your back to a king. The big boy looked puzzled. What did it mean! The gentlemen in waiting escorted him to the throne, and he put his feet on the moss footstool, and, I am sorry to say, ruined it, but no one called the king's attention to that.

When he was seated, and all had bowed before him, there came out of the woods on the other side of the stream the strangest figure. A heavy skirt of willow branches covered the lower part of its body. Laurel and vines covered the upper part of the body and the arms, as well as the big hat which hid the figure's face. Through the water to our side of the brook came the figure, with bowed head, walking very slowly. At last it stood before the king, and, in a deep voice that seemed to come from the ground, it greeted the king, announcing itself, in some lines of poetry, as the spirit of the woods. The king listened, and then responded to the strange spirit of the woods, greeting him and knighting him as one of the kingdom. As the spirit of the woods joined the circle about the king, another figure came in sight. This figure came from some bushes just beyond the wood-road.

It wore a skirt of ferns and brakes, with a girdle and shoulder-sash of flowers. A beautiful crown of flowers was on its head, and it carried a sunflower wand. This spirit came forward gayly and announced itself as the spirit of flowers. She bowed low before the king, and greeted him to the world of flowers, and asked him to reign there because he would reign in love. She then gave him the wand, and, kneeling before him, was given a title. Then the gifts were presented, and the king, in a long speech all in poetry, greeted his subjects, who bowed low.

There is always a feast after a coronation, and the birthday-cake, with bittersweet vines about the edge, was presented to the king, who cut it, and then the feast began.

When the sun had left the stream and was just kissing the tops of the trees, the little kingdom was broken up, and we all went home happy.

Already we are planning next year's birthday.

After the Rain

By Clifton Johnson

Uncle George. Oh!

Freddy. Did I scare you? Don't you know me?

Uncle George. Why! whose boy is this?

Freddy. This is Mr. William T. Smith's boy.

Uncle George. Now I declare if that isn't Freddy!—and you have got Mr. William T. Snow's old clothes on, I should say. What are you dressed up that way for?

Freddy. Ma did it. You see, it rained hard coming home from school, and I didn't have any umbrella, and I got my clothes wet.

Uncle George. Well, why didn't you get into your old ones, then?

Freddy. That's what I did, and it cleared off, and ma let me go barefoot out in the road, and I slid through a little pond there and sat down in it.

Uncle George. What'd you do that for?

Freddy. I didn't mean to. But you try it and see how easy it is.

Uncle George. I don't think I care to make trials of that sort. I'll take your word for it.

Freddy. You can't think how slippery it is. You slide along just as smooth—and it doesn't feel bad sitting down, only it gets your clothes muddy and sopping.

Uncle George. Then you had to change clothes again, did you?

Freddy. Yes, and mamma wouldn't let me put on my Sunday clothes. So she got out these old clothes of papa's and I put them on, and she turned up the bottoms, and told me I might come over and visit you.

Uncle George. And you did. Well, that was good of you.

Freddy. I think I must go back now.

Uncle George. Hold on. I have an old stovepipe hat in the hall, and a cane. You take those and you'll be made a man of at once. You look kind of incomplete with just those turned-up pants.

Freddy. Mamma'll be glad to see me, won't she? You kind o' poke that hat back, please, so 'twon't come down over my eyes.

Uncle George. That's all right. I'll open the door for you.

Freddy. Good-day, Mr. George.

Uncle George. Good-day, Mr. Frederick.

[*Exit Freddy.*]

A Strange Visitor

The following story is from "Our Animal Friends:"

An American was visiting in England, and was invited to call on a lady who was not strong and who spent all her days lying on a couch. Soon after the American called his hostess said to him:

"I expect a gentleman to tea at six o'clock; would you please set the door ajar, for he cannot open it himself."

The visitor thought this strange, but made no remark.

The sitting-room was approached by a long, narrow passage, and presently—the tea service being laid—we heard the tap, tap of a regular tread approaching the room. Then followed a decided jab at the door, and in swept a magnificent peacock. No wonder, thought I, that in the early ages of chivalry the most solemn oath was taken on the peacock.

Our visitor walked straight to my friend, looking around as if in search of something. She produced some fruit and cake, which he ate out of her hand, and then pecked up some crumbs soaked in milk from a saucer on the floor. I put forth my hand to caress him, upon which he raised himself on his toes and uttered a shrill cry, repudiating all my blandishments vigorously.

In the same manner he came every evening, remaining about half an hour. His affection for his hostess was evident, but I never got beyond his toleration.

Two months afterward my friend left Hughenden. Subsequently she wrote to me:

"Poor Ralph is dead. That stupid gamekeeper never let him into the cottage, nor fed him in the evening, as he promised me to do. I hear from the little maid you remember, that the poor bird refused to eat, and would lie for hours beneath the window, uttering occasionally a plaintive cry. At night he persisted in roosting in the cedar-tree in the cottage lawn. Becoming too weak to fly upward, he lay among the shrubs in the dew, and was one morning found dead."

The General

The nursery regiment one day
Were marching up and down,
With flying flags and beating drums,
The prettiest sight in town.

And little Willie on the steps
Was gazing at the band;
Why not among the warriors
I did not understand,

Until I asked the question straight,
When flashed his eyes of blue;
"*I* am the General," he cried,
"Who must the troops review."

—*Harper's Young People.*

A Queer Coach

Louella Allen lives on a big farm in California. There were some very large squashes on the place, and one of them was so large that her father had it hollowed out to make a Cinderella coach for Louella.

One day, while a gentleman from the East was visiting the family, Mr. Allen and Louella and the guest were walking over the place. Louella slipped away and ran to her squash, and got inside.

Then, as they walked over the field, Mr. Allen said: "I suppose you would hardly believe that girls would grow in squashes out here, but I shouldn't wonder if you would find one in this big squash."

He tapped the squash, the sides fell apart, and out sprang his little girl!

The Eastern man was so astonished that his hair has been white ever since; but I rather think it was white before.

This squash was more than three feet in length.—*Sunbeam.*

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Sunday Afternoon

The Equality of God

By the Rev. Frank S. Fitch[1]

O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?—Ezekiel xviii., 29.

No man is willing to blame himself. He can commonly find some way of escape. He certainly will not acknowledge his fault until he has exhausted every effort to attribute it to some one else. If he has quarreled and come to blows, it was his enemy's fault; he was acting in self-defense. If he has failed in business, and been the cause of a dozen other failures, he exculpates himself by saying that his partner or his confidential clerk was dishonest.

So, in domestic life, which never ought to be disturbed by a wave of trouble, but is frequently tempest-tossed, no one finds himself at fault. If you reprove the son for using angry and disrespectful words to his father, he will endeavor to exonerate himself by speaking of his father's unjust and severe discipline. If you reason with the father, and urge a more gentle and considerate kind of treatment as being better adapted to secure the son's respect and cheerful obedience, he will tell you, with inexpressible pathos, that few fathers have such a son as his—so obstinate, so lazy, and so dissolute.

It is easy to mention and urge our rights, not so easy to keep in remembrance our duties. Every right has its correlate in a duty. Every duty unperformed defrauds another of his right.

The tendency to insist upon our rights and neglect our duties enters political life, and does not stop short of the domain of the soul, that sanctuary which ought not to be polluted by selfishness. Men are so anxious to escape blame and self-condemnation that they will endeavor to drag celestial purity down into the mire which envelops their own feet; not content with being unjust themselves, they claim that even God is unequal in his dealings.

Show me a man who is tyrannical, and I will find him especially sensitive on the subject of liberty. Take his story as evidence, and every man with whom he deals attempts to defraud him. If we are especially deficient in any desirable attribute of manhood, we fail to find that quality in our fellows, and with difficulty are persuaded that it exists even in the Holy One. Yet, making suitable allowance for the prevalence and strength of this tendency, it must be admitted that many persons are in perplexity by reason of God's dealings with mankind in general, and themselves in particular. They have *real difficulties*. These arise against their wish and will. They desire, above all things, the simple, unquestioning faith of childhood, but with them to think is to doubt, and relief is not to be found by turning back to an old faith, but by pressing forward to a new one, even though it must be sought with tears.

This earnest and honest type of doubt should not be crushed. It is the germ of an intelligent belief. This questioning of eager and vigorous minds is not peculiar to any age or people. Doubt is not monopolized by genius. There are vague hungerings and thirstings, which may not be clearly expressed, but are known by the terrible unrest of soul which they reveal. Not the speculative thinker alone craves the why and wherefore of existing things, but practical men ask their questions too, and serious ones. We find implanted in our souls a sense of justice, and we demand its manifestation in the world around us. We try everything by this court, both human proceedings and the acts of the divine government.

To many minds at all times, and to most minds at some time, God's dealings with men seem unequal. Some of us have wondered why He has denied us the possession of wealth. We have desired it as earnestly as others. We think we could use it more wisely than many about us do. We believe that we are as deserving as they. We have toiled for it, have planned how to secure it, have ventured our little all in the pursuit; we have given the best years of our lives for it; have practiced great self-denial all the way; but the result coveted is further away than ever. To some it comes without toil, without thought, and almost without desire. They do not use it sparingly or wisely; it brings neither them nor others real good. Why does God grant to such, unbounded wealth, and deny it to us? Who has not asked this question again and again?

Then in another form the question comes. It is this: Why are the opportunities for culture denied me? I can content myself without wealth. I care not for artificial social distinctions, but I crave opportunities for intellectual growth. I need them to enrich my own mind. I could then be of more service to others. I believe I would use them wisely. Yet to how many of us comes back the answer, It cannot be. Few things are harder to bear than this form of disappointment, or more productive of doubt. To a mind at all sensitive, every beautiful or curious thing in the outward world, the many problems of social life, the treasures of literature and history, all appeal, saying, Study me, and I will unfold to you the secrets of the earth, the best thoughts of the good and great, the visions of poets and the maxims of the wise. Yet the mere question of bread, the struggle for existence, stands before us, a wall dark and high, shutting out the beautiful vista. To desire knowledge, to crave culture, and then to have their acquisition attended with many hindrances or insurmountable difficulties, is indeed hard, yet it is the experience of many, and it causes them to ask the question, Are God's ways equal? Can He be a being of love who implants desires as strong as life within the soul, and stimulates them to full power and expression but to crush them in the end?

There is yet another phase of the question—for it is one of those vital inquiries which meet us at every step. We have considered the side of denial; it remains to notice the correlate—endurance. It is, as we have seen, our lot to be denied many things which seem desirable and even necessary; it is ours also to endure many things which try flesh and spirit to the utmost. The things to be endured—how numerous—who can catalogue or describe them? Physical pain so severe as to make every nerve a highway for agony, so continuous as to cause us to exclaim at times, "How long, O Lord, how long!" Mental disease so terrible as to unthrone reason, and make the speech of man as confused and meaningless as the chattering of monkeys—causing the pure to use the slang of the vulgar, and the benevolent to seek to destroy their dearest friends; the bereavements of life, which remove those whom we most love and most need just when we are least able to spare them; the failure in character of those whom we have reared with tender solicitude, and about whose unfolding strength and loveliness have centered our fondest hopes and our most deeply cherished purposes.

In these deprivations and sorrows there seems to be oft-times great inequality, and this is what makes it hardest to be borne, for here is room for the feeling of injustice.

If a body of prisoners, all deserving ten times as severe a form of punishment as they are receiving, have exactly the same, they may be tolerably patient, and may feel that their penalty is deserved; but let one of their number receive certain privileges and immunities which are denied the others, and their complaints will be numerous and loud-voiced, and these men, whose punishment is unchanged, and whose desert is the same as a moment ago, will all feel that they are injured, and that their rulers are unjust. So, under the divine government, men who are at all thoughtful will usually admit that they are guilty, and that what they are called upon to endure is slight in comparison with their desert. This they will readily acknowledge if you can bring them to separate their individual relations to God from his mode of dealing with the race as a whole, or with other individuals as put into comparison with themselves. If, however, their attention is diverted from the consideration of their own personal relations to their Ruler, to the observation of the treatment of others, and they discover that another man's burden is an ounce less than their own, all will be changed in an instant, and they will speak of God as though he were the

[1] Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Buffalo, N. Y.

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culprit, and they a jury sitting in judgment on the methods and acts of his administration.

Sometimes these doubts have their origin in the study of the treatment of the race as a whole. This is evidently not so common as the other forms of which we have spoken, yet it is found among men of a speculative habit of mind. There are many questions arising from this way of reviewing the subject which are not easily answered, many doubts which demand a respectful consideration.

Thus we are accustomed to assert that God is all-powerful, and that his love for every creature is such that to him he is a Father. Though a mother may forsake and forget her infant child, yet He never forsakes nor forgets the weakest of his creatures. But, says some observer of the woes and ills of life, we should have a very poor opinion of a father who would allow such suffering as we see everywhere without alleviating it if he had the ability so to do: God must be deficient either in power or in benevolence. We are accustomed to answer by saying that God cannot relieve all suffering without working harm to the spiritual interests of those for whom he strives, that he cannot disregard character, that those who sin must suffer. But there is still the objection that the innocent suffer—that young children who have not sinned, hunger and thirst, are beaten and neglected—that the virtuous poor are oppressed by the vicious rich. Any answer which we make has about it a resemblance, at least, to a limitation of the Almighty. Now let us admit at once that any problem which runs back into the permission of evil in a world created by a holy God has some elements beyond our present powers of comprehension, that our analogies from parental and civil government are somewhat incomplete, and that a devout soul may say, I do not fully understand, but I can trust. Thus we find a great variety of questions expressive of doubt and mistrust on man's part when God's government is considered. Some arise, as we have seen, from the tendency to shirk the responsibility of our own actions, to lay the blame, if blame there be, at the door of another. Some arise from the fact that wealth is unequally distributed, that opportunities for culture are granted to some and denied to others. Some seek their ground of justification in the unequal burdens imposed upon mankind, and some from an attempt to pass God's administration in review and pronounce upon its character.

Some doubts spring from a feeling of self-condemnation and are only evasive, some have their origin in intellectual pride which assumes that a created being has the right to know and the ability to judge the purposes of his Creator; but some are honest and involuntary. These God regards as worthy of attention, if we interpret aright the present passage of Holy Scripture. He does not wish to crush all inquiry, to stifle all earnest thought, but, rather, invites it. He does not base his throne, as many claim, on *will*, but on *reason*. He does not say, Am I not all-powerful, and cannot I do as I choose with mine own? but, *Are not my ways equal?* He challenges scrutiny, he stimulates inquiry, and he gives such an exhibition of his administration as will go far to answer these questions.

These inquiries and objections may be answered one by one—making allowances, as already intimated, for our inability, as finite beings, to comprehend all the purposes of the Infinite One—and with thoroughness, but we have not time nor inclination at present; we may simply say, in passing, that the richest treasures in theology have been quarried and mined in controversy, and the cause of Christ has suffered far less from our eagerness of inquiry than from the exclusion of free thought and discussion by ecclesiastical and civil persecution. Our Redeemer's kingdom is of light and not of darkness.

The best method, however, is that of the text. He appeals to those who have been especially under his care, and who have had, therefore, the best opportunity for knowing him, for an answer, and with an implied assurance that it will be a favorable one.

"O house of Israel, are not my ways equal?" He seems to say: Review all my dealings with you, one by one. Consider the trials, the disappointments, and the afflictions; put over against these the blessings bestowed, the deliverances from imminent danger, the solace in hours of sorrow, the communion and fellowship of your God; take a comprehensive review of your lives, and see whether the God of Israel hath not been more faithful and strong than the gods of the heathen. Have you, my chosen ones, aught of which to complain?

It is easy to criticise the individual acts of any administration, but, if we would judge of it with fairness, we must consider it in all its relations, we must regard it as a whole, we must try to ascertain its prevailing spirit, and the manner in which this is expressed in laws and carried into effect by the executive. We do make allowance in estimating the quality of human governments, but should we in considering the divine? Ought it not to work perfectly?

Suppose we enter into a room partly lighted. The air seems free from any impurities. No floating particles of dust are evident. Open now the shutters and admit the direct rays of the sun. Now the air is seen to be full of dust. In what consists the difference? Is the light impure? No! but the light reveals the impurities of the atmosphere, hitherto unnoticed. So, when the truth of the throne of God shines full upon human affairs, there is commotion. The air is seen to be full of dust. It seems as though discord were being introduced, and not order. It is not because God's ways are not equal that there is so much confusion, but because men resist his government. What man will not admit, if he be true to his own convictions, that most, if not all, of his troubles are the result of his own improvidence or sin, or are caused by the inequity of his fellow-men, and that God alone has been equal in all his ways?

If we, my friends, when we are disposed to be restive under the divine government, were to consider how few of our trials can in any way be attributed to Him, if we would only number our blessings as carefully as we do our troubles, if we would think of God's patience, his bountiful gifts, his anticipation of our wants, his powerful and timely interpositions in our behalf, if we could only in part comprehend how the demands of equity have been more than met by his all-embracing benevolence, expressing itself in all that series of events which we sum up under the term redemption, we would never speak a word nor think a thought about God's unjust dealings with us or ours. May He not appeal with confidence to us as he did to those of old, "O house of Israel, are not my ways equal?"

The general sentiment of mankind is that God's ways are equal; and this becomes evident, not only from his historical dealings with us, but also from the fact that we need, and our reason demands, an ultimate court of appeal, which shall be just and final, with sanctions sufficiently powerful to enforce its decrees. We carry a case from the lower court to the one next above it in dignity; from that to a higher, and so on, until we reach the highest earthly tribunal. Now must we accept its decision as final? No; even now, after all this sifting process, it is not absolutely certain but that innocence may be convicted or guilt acquitted. We all, under such circumstances, appeal instinctively to the court of Heaven. We believe, by a mental necessity, that, in the end, however long delayed, justice will prevail. All poetry, all prophecy, aye, even the most slow-footed logic, arrive at the same result.

Has it occurred to you, as I have been trying to illustrate the equity of the divine government, that there is a measure of irreverence in the attempt? After all, is not the assertion enough? Are we not in danger of weakening our position by attempting argument or explanation? May we not appeal to men with confidence, in the language of the prophet? "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" "Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or, being his counselor, hath taught him? With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of

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judgment, and taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding?"

The equality of His ways appears in the strongest light when contrasted with the inequality of ours. "O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?"

There is no uncertainty here. If there be some difficulty in reconciling certain individual acts of the divine Governor with his general character, there is none in establishing the remarkable contrast between his ways and ours. If we take the highest success which human governments have achieved or striven for, we find them but a poor imitation of the divine method. Every man is equal in the sight of the law, is one of our maxims, but not often, it is to be feared, our practice. We are now endeavoring to secure such treatment of criminals as shall protect society, and at the same time reform the culprit, but in how far have we succeeded? We talk of settling all disputes by arbitration, and are just beginning to try the plan; but at the same time the Christian nations are increasing their naval force, and inventing new and more effective methods of offensive and defensive warfare. We talk of the right of individual opinion, and yet how little toleration have we! If a man differs from us in political matters, we think him either ignorant or corrupt; if in religious, we wonder whether he is a Christian.

These are our best attempts at equity, and, viewed in the most charitable way, they are almost a caricature on the methods of the divine government. Now, if we glance at the general attempts of the world to govern itself, if we consider but for a moment the lives of individual men, what a gloomy picture is presented! History is, for the most part, a record of intrigues, treachery, and war, and we cannot boast of any radical change as yet. But we do not need to look outward. It is not necessary to number the sins of others. Let us look at our own. If the mirror which we have held before the divine character, to see if perchance we might detect any flaw, were turned full upon us, what terror would be ours! The record would be one of failures, inconsistencies, and sins.

The best men who have ever lived have confessed, with shame, the inequality of their ways. How can we escape a greater degree of self-condemnation if we see things as they are in the sight of God?

We complain ofttimes of our present condition, but have we utilized our opportunities? Is not the shore of our past strewn with the fragments of the goodly ships which might have been guided to their havens with precious cargo had our wisdom and courage not been wanting? Have we used our hindrances as occasions for exhibiting strength and skill? Have we used them as the eagle uses the resisting atmosphere, as the medium by which we mount upward to a clearer sky and a more glorious life? Have our trials always been as the refiner's fire, purifying us from all earthly dross, or have we wickedly made them the means of hardening our hearts, and becoming morbid and bitter toward God and man? We have promised before God to renounce the world and imitate Christ in lives of self-sacrifice. Judged by this canon, who can say that his ways have been equal? Whether our deeds or motives are considered, it matters not, we are condemned.

This is a low estimate of the dignity of man, but have you a higher one? Were this all, my friends, who could rest in peace? God is just; but were he to judge the world according to its deserts, what bright ray of hope would illumine the darkness, the blackness of darkness, of the future? He is just, but he is more—he is merciful. He will justify us before our enemies, but he will also rid us from the great load of sin and shame which would else overpower us. Let us, then, flee to Christ, our only strong tower. Let us not rest in the hope that all things will be administered according to the law of equity, but according to the law of love. Let us turn from the clouds, the thunders, the terrors of Mount Sinai, to the light, the peace, and love of Him who died that we might live. Else where will be our refuge when, at the day of judgment, after our condemnation, memory, ever active to torment us, asks the question, "O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?"

The Life of Christ

XII.—The Sabbath Question[1]

By Lyman Abbott

The hostility to Jesus Christ centered chiefly upon two points—his claims concerning himself, and his practice and teaching respecting the Sabbath. It was not until a later epoch in his ministry that his claims respecting himself were at all understood by the priesthood, or even by the common people. It was, therefore, his practice and teaching respecting the Sabbath which at this period of his ministry was made the especial occasion, though, as I attempted to show last week, not the real cause, of the bitterest hostility to him.

The origin of the observance of one day in seven as a day of sacred rest is lost in the mists of antiquity. It certainly dates, however, from the earliest period of Jewish history, and the law for its observance was regarded as so fundamental to the Jewish commonwealth as to be incorporated in the Ten Commandments, which constitute the constitution of the Hebrew State. This law was, indeed, something quite different from that which Puritanism has attempted to make of it. The Fourth Commandment does not require, either directly or indirectly, any religious observance upon the seventh day of the week. It does not call for any worship, either public or private. It is wholly taken up with prohibiting toil. Like most of God's laws, this statute was a gift. For this commandment prohibiting all secular toil in one day out of the seven came to a nation just emerging from slavery and dwarfed and degraded by servile drudgery. It is true that this prohibition was enforced by very severe penalties, but it is also true that, the toil being prohibited, the individual was left entirely free to spend his leisure time in whatever way he chose. Personally, I believe that the Fourth Commandment is in this respect a wise model for modern legislation to follow. The laborer has a right to be protected in his enjoyment of one day's rest. That protection being afforded to him, he has a right, so far as his fellow-citizens are concerned, to do whatever he likes with that one day of rest, provided his employment of it does not violate the rights of his fellow-laborers.

But Judaism, like modern Puritanism, was not content with the Mosaic statute. The day, originally observed as a day of gladness in the Temple and of festal scenes at home,[2] was made by Pharisaic regulations a day burdensome and well-nigh intolerable. It ceased to be a day of freedom and became one of bondage. The rules for its observance, as they are to be gathered from the Talmud, seem to us ludicrous. They forbade walking upon the grass with heavy shoes on the Sabbath, because that would be a kind of threshing; catching a flea, because that would be a kind of hunting; eating a newly laid egg on the first day of the week, because, presumptively, it had been prepared by the hen in the course of nature on the seventh day. A little less irrational, but hardly less burdensome, were some of the traditional regulations implied in the Gospel narratives, such as prohibiting the sick from coming to a physician on the Sabbath, prohibiting a man from carrying the cushion or mattress on which he reclined, prohibiting men, if walking through a grain-field, from plucking the ears of grain and eating them as they walked—as if, in our day, a boy should be prohibited from picking an apple from the ground in an orchard and eating it on the Sabbath. Nevertheless, the Sabbath was with the Jew, as it is with the Roman Catholic, a day of festivity. From seasons of fasting the Sabbath was always exempted. The best dinner of the week in the pious Jew's house was served on the Sabbath. "Meet the Sabbath with a lively hunger; let thy table be covered with

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 13. International Sunday-School Lesson, Fourth Quarter, No. 5. (November 4.) John, chapter v.; Mark ii., 23—iii., 6.
[2] See Psalms xcii., cxxii.; Lev. xxiii., 2, 3; Psalm xlii., 4; Neh. viii., 9-13.

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fish, flesh, and generous wine," is one of the Talmudic aphorisms.

Against the social and festive aspects of this day Christ never uttered a protest. It is evident from the account in the fourteenth chapter of Luke that he did not hesitate to attend on the Sabbath a dinner-party of considerable social pretension.[1] At a time when the issue is so sharply drawn between the Puritan Sabbath—that is, a Sabbath fenced round with legal prohibitions—and what is termed the Continental Sabbath, which, as it reappears on our shore Americanized, is no Sabbath at all, it is difficult to speak frankly and freely without being subject to misunderstanding. Notwithstanding this hazard, I must frankly say that I can see no ground, either in the practice or the teaching of Jesus Christ or in the subsequent teaching of the Apostles, for the notion that there is anything inconsistent with the Christian use of the Christian's rest-day in such social fellowship and enjoyment as are not inconsistent with an advantageous use of its spiritual opportunities and do not make the day one of burdensome toil and labor to others. On the other hand, there is no indication that Jesus engaged in secular work on the Sabbath or encouraged his disciples so to do. This accusation would certainly have been brought against them if there had been any ground whatever for it. But not even Jewish tradition contains any such accusation. On the contrary, Jesus habitually attended the synagogue services on the Sabbath with his disciples, and they apparently continued so to do after his death. And although the day was changed, a weekly Sabbath, imported from Judaism into Christianity, became as characteristic of the primitive Christian Church as it had been of the precedent Jewish Church.

But Christ did repel, with some indignation, the notion that this day, sacred to rest, and therefore to liberty, was to be kept sacred by minute, harassing, and burdensome regulations. He not only healed the sick on this day, but he seems even to have taken pains to do this healing in such a way as to set Jewish tradition at defiance. For he healed the paralytic, not only on the Sabbath, but in the synagogue and in connection with a religious service, and he treated the Pharisaic criticism of this act almost with contempt. The sick man at the pool of Bethesda he not only healed, but he bade him bear his mattress on his shoulders, in direct violation of the letter, though not of the spirit, of a traditional command, embodied in Old Testament history, against all bearing of burdens on that day.[2] Called to account by the Pharisees, Jesus Christ replied that God's rest was the type which man was to follow in his resting. Religion never requires love to cease its activities. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," is not an exceptional justification for the only begotten Son of God, but a principle by which every Son of God may determine what work is legitimate and what illegitimate on the world's rest-day. When his disciples were chided for plucking the ears of grain and eating them as they walked through the grain-field, Christ announced another principle equally comprehensive. "The Sabbath," he said, "was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; therefore the Son of man is lord also of the Sabbath." This also is not to be interpreted merely as a declaration that the Messiah has a right to modify the Mosaic law. This would be a *non sequitur*. The declaration is that, since the Sabbath was made for man, and is his instrument, he is at liberty to use it with freedom, only always keeping in mind the ends for which this gift has been bestowed upon him.

These teachings do not merely furnish a solvent for many religious perplexities; they involve a principle of wider application. Christ comes, not like frost, to freeze men up, but like sunshine, to set them free. The three most sacred ceremonials of the Jewish religion are circumcision, sacrifices, and the Sabbath law. Christ abolished circumcision; set men free from the law of sacrifices; and the Sabbath, which man had made a day of bondage, Christ converted into a day of liberty.

[1] See Luke xiv., especially verses 1, 7, and 12.
[2] Neh. xiii., 19; Jer. xvii., 21, 22, 27.

Books and Authors

Dr. Holland [1]

It is not altogether Mrs. Plunkett's fault that we lay down her "Life of J. G. Holland" feeling that little has been added to our knowledge of the man; for Dr. Holland's career was interesting to the public mainly from one point of view—namely, as writer and author; and we are inclined to believe that he, who was lavish of his gifts, gave in his editorial utterances and in his books as much of himself as he wished to have known to the world. The personal message is always an ephemeral function, in which the voice faithfully utters the message for the hour; it belongs to the time which gives it birth, and the new time has its new voices which supersede the old. The book takes a longer lease of life, and preserves to posterity the subtle thought and deep emotion in the heart and brain of its maker. In the few products of literary industry which Dr. Holland has left behind him we have the better part of the man as he cared to reveal himself to his wide audience; and in tracing the autobiographical element scattered in these books Mrs. Plunkett has, by reason of the facilities which she enjoyed through her friendship with the author, contributed in large measure. But otherwise Dr. Holland's life was lacking in stirring incident and enterprise, such as lend dramatic interest and intensity to the action of the life discovered in the best biography. For the most part, his career was one uninterrupted success which was steadily cumulative, and it is only in the record of his early years that we feel within us, as we read, "the stirring of the blood." So that, in the nature of the case, Mrs. Plunkett was hampered at the outset with lack of materials with which to fill in the details of a full-sized portrait, and it is only as a warm eulogy, as a bundle of characteristics and impressions, that we can review the events of the life linked together in this book, but arranged with such deftness as only a woman's sympathetic hand could execute.

Sufficient of the man shows in Mrs. Plunkett's "Life" to call forth warm regard and genuine respect. The long and arduous battle with poverty and with circumstance that might have retarded a less resolute heart is an invigorating tonic which men will always stand in need of. There was a silent heroism about his whole life as he steered straight on, not bating a jot of heart or hope, although he knew that the sword of death hung over his head for years. His character was compounded of strong, stern stuff, rooted in the God-fearing Puritan conscience and stubborn sense of justice. But upon this foundation he reared a superstructure of manly gentleness that suppressed the harsh traits of his ancestors, and gave free access to the broad charity that filled him with pure love to every soul of man. As Isaiah puts it, "He drew his breath in the fear of the Lord;" and the deep draughts of "God's charity" gave his nature that fine vision and tolerance of men and things which distinguished him. "Life of the best sort," one has said, "is forceful as well as reticent, and has no peculiarities or tiny shibboleths." His life is well characterized in these words; for it was molded on broad Christian lines, and, while full of force, his efforts were aimed against sin and unrighteousness and immorality with that unconsciousness of self which saved him from eccentricity.

There is a story in Mrs. Plunkett's "Life" illustrating how Dr. Holland led commonplace lives to "finer, nobler issues" during the "Timothy Titcomb Letters" period. A farmer who had bitterly experienced the "sorrows of incompatibility" had resolved to separate from his wife, and in explaining to his minister later how he had changed his mind, he said: "Well, Holland was talking about how husbands and wives ought to treat each other, and I see I've been somewhat wrong myself, and I've made up my mind to stand by the woman, for better or for worse, till death do us part." The bold front he reared against the

[1] *Life of Josiah Gilbert Holland.* By Mrs. H. M. Plunkett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

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tide of iniquity, and his unflinching opposition to the false sentiment that would have sunk the moral sense and absolved the victim of a murderer from a past life of shame and degradation, are exhibited in his plain and unmincing words on the ignoble end of James Fisk, Jr.: "No man ever died a more natural death, excepting, perhaps, Judas Iscariot."

Dr. Holland was pre-eminently, as a writer and a man among men, what has been styled "a prophet of God's commonplace." This century has known men of exceptional power and self-sacrifice, whose lives have been the possession of the common people, whose struggles have touched the common heart, and appealed widely to the sympathies and ideals of the "plain man," as he has been dubbed. The life of these men is not their own; it seeks "the level of every day's most quiet need," and has no care for place or preferment; it is given to them to inspire and stimulate the struggler and the doubter. Such a man was Dr. Holland, of whom it can be said above all things: "He made faith in goodness easy to other men."

Howells's "Traveler from Altruria"[1]

The work of Mr. Howells on social reform is that of Count Tolstoï plus humor, minus intensity. His "Traveler from Altruria" is far more enjoyable reading than Tolstoï's "What to Do," but Mr. Howells is not so troubled by the social order he condemns as to have upon his conscience or lay upon the reader's the question which is the subject as well as the title of the Russian's work. Intellectually, Mr. Howells believes that the present system is the child of class injustice and the parent of class hate. He believes also that it belittles the minds of its beneficiaries as much as it bedulls the minds of its victims. Still further, he believes that it bemeans the souls of its beneficiaries, while it leaves the souls of its victims open to sympathy and faith. Yet, in spite of these beliefs, he does not in the least make us feel that we ought to deny ourselves the privileges which separate us from our brothers, or in any way take up our cross for the establishment of a nobler order. Instead of this sense resting heavily upon us, we usually find ourselves regarding the inanities and hypocrisies of our present social system in a mood of positive hilarity. There are exceptions to this rule. Indeed, there is one chapter in which Mr. Howells makes us feel that he has been touched by the spirit of Jesus Christ, and knows the consciousness of divine love which comes from the exercise of human love. He strikes in this chapter a strong religious chord, and creates a future in which there is more exalted living than in the materialistic utopias of Mr. Bellamy and the German Socialists. But the deeper side of the author's beliefs is rarely even suggested. There are few pages in the book that might not be spoken in a drawing-room without calling for any comment except upon their brightness.

Nevertheless, if the volume is in the main merely bright, it is bright to a degree that will illumine many minds in the society circles to which it is addressed. It is as full of humor as most social reform books are destitute of it—and more would be impossible. Sometimes the humor of the book injures it as a work of art. The automatons introduced to us in the first chapter gradually develop into characters, but occasionally they go to seed as caricatures. Mrs. Makely, for example—whose name would have been Mrs. Money Makely in some of the older writers—is a type of woman with whom we are all very familiar—one-third thoughtful of others, two-thirds thoughtful of herself; one-sixth democratic, but five-sixths exclusive; one-twelfth Christian, but eleven-twelfths worldling; and all these qualities are joined in one who is perfectly satisfied that she is altogether thoughtful of others, altogether democratic, and altogether Christian. By the law of her own being Mrs. Makely continually makes a fool of herself in a way that is delightful. But Mr. Howells is not content with this, and repeatedly makes a fool of her, in a way that is extremely funny, but which jars on our sense of reality. The same must be said of his treatment of the professor of political economy. Many of us have met him. The narrowness of intellect and the still greater narrowness of heart he exhibits in ridiculing the reforms which the under classes have been forced to believe in by a world of experience entirely out of the professor's vision—these are so real that one regrets when Mr. Howells minifies the professor's littleness while holding it up to our contempt. Furthermore, Mr. Howells hardly strengthens himself by his general contempt for political economy. Had he read a little more of it, he might not have allowed his clear-seeing Altrurian to be duped by the stupid apology for selfish luxury, that it gives work to the poor. The most heartless of the political economists have rejected this flimsy excuse in scorn, and pointed out that luxury is the waste upon one's self of wealth which, if used unselfishly, would employ exactly as much labor, and, if invested profitably, would employ as much labor in the present, and continue to re-employ it in the future. This, however, is a minor point. Mr. Howells's "Traveler from Altruria" will be read with delight by every one whose political or religious beliefs lead him to desire a nearer approach of human brotherhood.

[1] *A Traveler from Altruria.* By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

Mediæval and Renaissance Libraries, by Mr. J. W. Clark, is pleasant reading for the bibliophile, the librarian, and the student. The author has many interesting things to say. Thus, he tells us that the Romans preserved their books in two ways: either in a closet for reading elsewhere, or in a large apartment in which the volumes were doubtless studied as in a modern library. To get an idea of one of the larger Roman libraries, we have an exact modern antique in that of the Vatican. Mr. Clark puts the beginning of the world's library era at the publication in the sixth century of the Rule of St. Benedict prescribing general directions for the formation of libraries and of study in them. When the Cluniacs came into history, they directed a special officer to take charge of the books, and that an annual audit be made. The Carthusians and Cistercians provided for the loan of books to extraneous persons under certain conditions. Augustinian houses then began to be built with book-recesses in their walls, and later conventual establishments placed their libraries in special apartments, which always adjoined the scriptorium. Between these conditions of monastic and those of college libraries Mr. Clark traces a close analogy. The resemblances, as he well says, are too striking to be accidental, and he instances the Paris Sorbonne, where a library was established in 1289, quoting this clause from the Oriel College statutes dated 1329: "The common books (communes libri) of the House are to be brought out and inspected once a year, on the feast of the Commemoration of Souls (2 November), in the presence of the Provost or his deputy, and of the Scholars (Fellows). Every one of them in turn, in order of seniority, may select a single book which either treats of the science to which he is devoting himself, or which he requires for his use. This he may keep until the same festival in the succeeding year, when a similar selection of books is to take place, and so on, from year to year. If there should happen to be more books than persons, those that remain are to be selected in the same manner." The system of chaining the books is explained at length, and also that of shelving. When the fashion of elaborate bindings and bosses obtained, however, it became impossible to arrange books in the old way, and hence a form of library arose, described by no one so well as by our author, in which the room was one mass of desks and seats, like the pews in a church. The earliest example is that of Cesena, built in 1452. Mr. Clark's work is a distinct and valuable addition to library literature. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

In the "Expositor's Bible" series have appeared the commentary on the *Second Book of Kings*, by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, and that on the *Second Epistle to the Corinthians*, by James Denney, B.D. Dr. Farrar's second volume seems to us distinctly an advance beyond his first, in point of scholarship, in pertinence, and in rhetorical fervor. It is, in fact, the best piece of work we have seen come from his hand for some while. Literature, archæology, philology, and a careful comparative study of the text make this volume of unusual value and interest. Mr. Denney had no easy task before him in expounding the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. The work has become possible for him only by setting aside the vexed questions of the analysis of the text, and by simply adopting without argument the readings which he chooses. The purpose of his exposition is mainly to show forth the ethical import of this book of the

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New Testament. His work is conscientiously done, and, taking into consideration the difficulties which beset him, we are forced to admit his success. For the purpose of the series this commentary is rightly conceived and satisfactorily executed. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

Succeeding Mr. Phillips's pleasant biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we now have, appropriately enough, that of Sir Joshua's friend and supposed lady-love, Angelica Kauffmann. In her romance, "Miss Angel," Miss Thackeray has taught us something of the successes and misfortunes of the fair artist, born in Switzerland and taught in Italy; but this book, *Angelica Kauffmann*, by Frances A. Gerard, naturally teaches us much more. It admirably supplements Mr. Phillips's pages devoted to Angelica, and, strange to say, it is the first life of the artist written in English. The sad thing in the book is, of course, Angelica's marriage to a supposed Swedish Count. The most attractive narrations are those of her relations to Winckelmann and Raphael Mengs in Rome, to Sir Joshua in London, and, years later, to Goethe and Herder. The German Jupiter called her Fra Angelica. Following a chapter of criticisms by her contemporaries and by writers of the present day comes an admirable appendix of her works, mentioning in each case the subject, the original or present owner, and, if engraved, the name of the artist. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Professor Thomas Egleston, LL.D., of the Columbia College School of Mines, has made a contribution to American history in *The Life of John Paterson, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army*. General Paterson was the great-grandfather of the distinguished author. Professor Egleston, finding that the life and character of his great ancestor had been somewhat deficiently recounted in our annals of the Revolution, undertook to gather such material as might bring to light the services which General Paterson rendered to the United States. He has thoroughly examined the collection of papers in private and public libraries, and has brought to our knowledge many details of the Revolutionary period of our National life hitherto unknown. Such may be found, for instance, in the chapter on "Shays' Rebellion." Incidentally in the narrative are careful pen-pictures of the customs and opinions of the old times. The book is illustrated with pictures and maps, and supplemented with considerable genealogical matter concerning the Paterson and the Egleston families. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

One fairly rubs his eyes to find a rational Protestant advocating under a new guise the old doctrine of the "counsels of perfection." The theory of Christianity formulated by the anonymous author of *Discipleship: A Scheme of Christianity*, is nothing less than the mediæval notion of the different "states of life" revived. In this way the author answers Tolstoï and all preachers of universal perfection. This writer classes the Christians into "disciples" and common folk. Between the "disciple" and the "minister" there is no distinction to be made. The disciple is bound to follow strictly the life of Jesus; the other Christians are not to be held to so strict a rule, else the world would come to an end. With follv of this sort we have little patience, for it amounts to flat infidelity. We believe that the Sermon on the Mount was intended for every one, and not for the practice of a select few. Mediæval history is a sufficient comment and proof of the mischievousness of the theory when applied to social life. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Du Pont Syle's *From Milton to Tennyson: Masterpieces of English Poetry* (Allyn & Bacon, Boston) gives us excellent selections from Milton. Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Johnson, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Clough, Matthew Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson; it is too bad that Scott is unrepresented. Mr. Syle, who, by the way, is Instructor in English at the University of California, presents his chief claim to consideration in the remarkably entertaining and instructive notes which constitute the latter half of the volume. These notes consist, in the case of each author, of a short biography, a bibliography of criticism, and then the description of the special poems, with elucidation of any difficult word or passage. The book is well printed, but it should have had a limp cover. Such a volume is far more than a student's text-book; it is also a welcome *vade mecum* to older men, who will make of it a pocket companion, gladly living over again in it their college courses in modern English poetry.

The papers contributed by the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D., to the "Sunday-School Times" on the International Lessons upon the Gospels, are being republished in book form by A. C. Armstrong & Son, of this city. We have already commented on the two volumes which have appeared, and now the two concluding volumes, *Bible Class Expositions: The Gospel of St. Luke—The Gospel of St. John*, are before us. The clear style, the sincere piety, the suggestive exposition, need no comment. Dr. Maclaren's characteristics are generally known and recognized. He is with justice considered by many the prince of textual analysts. At any rate, no one can excel him in opening up the Scriptures. There is nothing of the controversial element in his writings. He is positive and constructive. His works are an aid to the devout study of Holy Writ, and as such merit their great popularity.

Literary Notes

—It is announced that Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is going to Japan, and that the result will be a volume of as delightful travel-sketches as those in "From Ponkapog to Pesth."

—Mr. Rider Haggard declares that "Eric Bright Eyes" is the best book he has published. His most popular work, however, is "She," which was written in six weeks. The sales of "King Solomon's Mines" come next.

—It is announced that Mr. William Michael Rossetti, the art critic and brother of Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti, is about to resign the position, which he has held for many years, of Assistant Secretary to the Board of Inland Revenue.

—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome says that he has been "everything by turns, and nothing long." His list of employments includes the labors of a railway clerk, an actor, a reporter, a school-teacher, a stenographer, a solicitor's clerk, a "literary man," and now an editor.

—Mr. John Bartlett's "Shakespeare Concordance," which has been in preparation for over twenty years, is to be published soon. There are to be four hundred thousand entries, and references will be given, not only to acts and scenes, but also to lines. The name of the editor of the "Dictionary of Familiar Quotations" is a sufficient guarantee as to the accuracy of the forthcoming work.

—It is said that Leo XIII.'s denunciations of "Lourdes" in his letter to Monsignor Richard, Archbishop of Paris, will double its sales in that city and elsewhere. M. Émile Zola is, of course, reveling in the advertising which the Papal letter gives him. He takes clever advantage of it, too, in declaring that the title of his next novel will be "Rome."

—Through his mother Mr. Rudyard Kipling traces his connection with the English, Scotch, and Irish nationalities, while his father, though an Englishman by birth, is of Dutch descent. Many years back Mr. Kipling, Sr., went to India and became the Director of the Art School at Lahore. He has now returned to his native land. Rudyard was educated at the United Services College in North Devon, where he wrote his first sonnet. When but sixteen he went back to India and entered upon his journalistic career.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has just attained the age of eighty-five years at his summer home at Beverly Farms, Mass., and thus speaks of his health and literary labor to a Boston "Advertiser" interviewer:

> The burden of years sits lightly upon me as compared with the weight it seems to many less advanced in age than myself. But after threescore years and twenty, the encroachments of time make themselves felt with rapidly increasing progress. When one can no longer hear the lark, when he can no longer recognize the faces he passes in the street, when he has to watch his steps, when it becomes more and more difficult for him to recall names, he is reminded at every moment that he must spare himself, or nature will not spare him the penalties she exacts for overtaxing his declining powers. The twelfth septennial period has always seemed to me as one of the natural boundaries of life. One who has lived to complete his eighty-fifth year has had his full share, even of an old man's allowance. Whatever is granted over that is a prodigal indulgence on the part of nature. I am often asked whether I am writing my autobiography, to which my answer is: "I am in the habit of dictating many of my recollections, some of my thoughts and opinions, to my secretary, who has in this way accumulated a considerable mass of notes."

—The colonial house at South Berwick, Me., where Sarah Orne Jewett was born, is a hundred and fifty years old, and has thus far escaped any modernizing. In "The Country Doctor" we have a description of the author's father; elsewhere we are told that—

> My father had inherited from his father an amazing knowledge of human nature, and from his mother's French ancestry that peculiarly French trait called *gaieté de cœur*. Through all the heavy responsibilities and anxieties of his busy professional life this kept him young at heart and cheerful. His visits to his patients were often made delightful and refreshing to them by his kind heart and the charm of his personality. I knew many of the patients whom he used to visit in lonely inland farms or on the seacoast in York and Wells. I used to follow him about silently, like an undemanding little dog, content to follow at his heels. I had no consciousness of watching or listening, or, indeed, of any special interest in the country interiors. In fact, when the time came that my own world of imagination was more real to me than any other, I was sometimes perplexed at my father's directing my attention to certain points of interest in the character or surroundings of our acquaintances. I cannot help believing that he recognized, long before I did myself, in what direction the current of purpose in my life was setting. Now, as I write my sketches of country life, I remember again and again the wise things he said, and the sights he made me see.

[For list of Books Received see page 403]

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The Religious World

Sunday Facing the Matterhorn

By the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D.

The Riffel Alp Hotel is located about two thousand feet above Zermatt, and directly facing the Matterhorn—the most unique, if not the loftiest, of the mountains of Switzerland. It is not a resort for fashionable people, but is frequented largely by professional men and women who know the value of pure air and rejoice in glorious scenery. In full view are the Matterhorn, Dent Blanche, Weisshorn, Rothhorn, Mischabel, and a host of other peaks. At our right, as we face the monarch of the region, stretches the gorge which reaches to the Rhone Valley, and seems to be guarded at the other extremity by the gigantic chain of the Bernese Oberland. As I write I can look from my window the full length of this gorge; and few more grand or beautiful pictures ever greet human eyes. The conformation of the walls, the richness of the coloring—almost black at the bottom, with long strips of deep purple on the sides, with the whiteness of the far-away Bernese Mountains, with the picturesque church spire at St. Nicolas, and the curious houses of the peasants perched here and there on the dizzy heights—make this pass from Visp to Zermatt one of the most glorious in the Alps. But it is not so much of the scenery of this wonderful place that I have started to write, as of the way in which Sunday is here observed. It is well known that all over Europe provision is made by the English Church for religious services. This part of her work is under the direction of two societies, one of which is presided over by the Bishop of London, and the other by the Bishop of Gibraltar nominally, but actually by the Bishop of London also. The chapels, where they exist, are usually erected by regular visitors, and by those specially interested. Where it is necessary, help for that purpose is supplied by the treasury of the societies. In many places services are held in the drawing-rooms of the hotels. Special chaplains are chosen for this ministry, and those in summer and winter resorts are usually English clergymen who are appointed by the societies, and who thus get their vacation at a merely nominal cost to themselves, while they often are able to do quite as much good in their summer parishes as in their regular fields of labor. The societies are supported by voluntary contributions, chiefly from those who attend the services at the various stations. It thus happens that wherever one travels in Switzerland, and almost everywhere where the numbers warrant, he is sure to find an English church service when Sunday comes, and one which will help much to keep warm his spiritual life. It is doubtful if any work which the English Church is doing is more valuable than that in its services for travelers in various parts of the world.

Last Sunday it was my privilege to worship in the little chapel of the Riffel Alp Hotel. The famous Dean of Norwich, Dr. Lefroy, is the chaplain, and if he always preaches as he did last Sunday, the visitors here are not likely soon to forget their privileges and duties as Christians. The chapel seats about two hundred, and it was crowded, there being seats in the aisles. In all my travels I have always found these chapels well attended. The service of the Anglican Church, of course, is everywhere substantially the same. It was the sermon that was especially noticeable. The Dean is a superb reader, and from the way in which he read the first lesson—the twenty-second chapter of First Kings—all were in an expectant mood, and no one was disappointed. His text was Romans x., 1: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they may be saved." The sermon was entirely without notes, and began with the familiar thought, forcibly expressed, that if we would understand the utterance of any man, we must, so far as possible, put ourselves in the place of the speaker. He then said that this verse represented Paul in a unique character—viz., that of an enthusiastic and passionate patriot. He was here praying for Israel, for his country, as an Englishman in the nineteenth century might pray for England. With this introduction he entered upon a peculiarly vivid and fair consideration of the perils which are threatening the English nation from the irreligion of the masses, both high and low, and from the evident progress of a great social revolution. The sermon was calm but intensely vivid, and, as it drew toward its conclusion, almost dramatically personal and practical. The preacher asked his hearers what they were doing to save England; if they were honestly studying the social problems with a view to helping in their solution; if they were going home to show a living Christ to those who need him in this nineteenth century. "Yes, I will tell you how some persons are trying to save our England. They are going to our churches and piously repeating the service on Sunday, and then on Monday, while thousands are without work, paying £15,000 for a race-horse; they are praying for 'all sorts and conditions of men,' and then, with thousands starving around them, are paying two hundred shillings a dozen for their wine." That sentiment was delivered with startling emphasis. The sermon ended with an appeal to his hearers to make their lives large, noble, and beautiful by serving humanity in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

The interest in the audience was so intense that one could have heard a pin drop. More than once since then I have heard references to the £15,000 for a race-horse and two hundred shillings a dozen for wine. After the sermon the holy communion was celebrated, and it was a great joy for me to take the emblems of the sacrifice of Christ from the hands of the preacher. Not far from me knelt Dr. Newman Hall, of London. When the solemn service ended we came out into the cloudless day, and directly in front of us, in solitary and awful grandeur, loomed the Matterhorn, and there came to me instantly a thought concerning the relation between the Matterhorn and Calvary which I hope before long to give in these columns to the readers of this letter. Enough now to say that there seemed no discord, but rather a deep and noble harmony, between the thought of Him who revealed the love of God on Calvary, and the revelation of the power and majesty of God in the grandest of the Swiss mountains.

One word more. All persons who travel do not leave their religion behind them; most of them, I believe, are as consistent abroad as at home. And the English-speaking people are not the only Christians in the world, although they may put special emphasis upon the observance of Sunday. While the service which I have described was being held in one chapel, another service, I doubt not equally sincere and solemn, was held in the little Roman Catholic chapel near by. Both are under the shadow of the Matterhorn, and in both the worshipers were inspired to nobler living and to more helpful and acceptable service by being pointed to Calvary and its cross. The world is not growing worse, and true religion is the monopoly of no race and no sect.

A Brotherhood Meeting

The Brotherhood of the Kingdom met this year, August 7 to 11, at Marlborough-on-the-Hudson, and as the guest of the Rev. Leighton Williams, of Amity Church, New York City. The character and purpose of the society may be gathered from what follows:

The qualifications for membership shall be: (1) Comprehension of the aims of the Brotherhood; (2) harmony with its spirit; (3) the expressed desire to co-operate with it. Upon the written recommendation of three members vouching for these qualifications, the Secretary shall propose the names of the candidates to all the members of the Brotherhood.

Aims: The aims of the Brotherhood shall be carried into effect by the following means:

1. Every member shall, by his personal life, exemplify obedience to the ethics of Jesus.
2. He shall propagate the thoughts of Jesus to the limits of his ability, in private conversation, by correspondence, and through pulpit, platform, and press.
3. He shall lay special stress on the social aims of Christianity, and shall endeavor to make Christ's teachings concerning wealth operative in the Church.
4. On the other hand, he shall take pains to keep in contact with the common people, and to infuse the religious spirit into the efforts for social amelioration.
5. The members shall seek to strengthen the bond of brotherhood by frequent meetings for prayer and discussion, by correspondence, exchange of articles written, etc.
6. Regular reports shall be made of the work done by members, in such manner as the Executive Committee may appoint.
7. The members shall seek to procure for one another opportunities for public propaganda.
8. If necessary, they shall give their support to one another in the public defense of the truth, and shall jealously guard the freedom of discussion for any man who is impelled by love of the truth to utter his thoughts.

Adopted as the Basis of Organization August 11, 1893.

Though the society began originally as an association of Baptists, it has already outgrown denominational limits. The session began on Tuesday with a devotional meeting conducted by Dr. H. H. Peabody, of Rome, N. Y. In the afternoon a Bible Study on "The Covenant of the Spirit" (Jer. xxxii., 31–34) was presented by Professor N. Schmidt, of Hamilton, N. Y. This was followed by presentations of aspects of the Spirit's work: "In Transforming Our Lives," by Dr. Edward Braislin, of Brooklyn; "In Enlightening Our Minds," by P. Z. Batten, of Amity Church; and "In Giving Power for Conquest," by F. S. Dobbins, of Philadelphia. The quiet hour of prayer and meditation was given its central thought by Dr. McLaurin, of Detroit. Wednesday, the topic for the day was "The Kingdom of God," and the Rev. B. Lawson, of New York, led the devotional meeting at seven o'clock in the morning. Dr. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia, read one paper on the "Gospel of Eternal Life," and Leighton Williams another on the "Gospel of the Kingdom." Later, F. C. A. Jones, of Newark, gave a Bible

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study on the "Prophet Amos;" F. W. C. Meyer, of New Haven, a study of "Land Tenure in the Old Testament;" and Mornay Williams, Esq., of New York, addressed the assemblage on the topic of the "Land Question To-day."

The Thursday topic was "Christian Union." Dr. H. H. Peabody began the consideration with an essay on the "Individual and the Denomination." He was followed by Professor W. N. Clark, of Hamilton, on "The Denomination and the Church Universal." In the afternoon Archdeacon C. J. Wood gave a Bible Study on "Our High Priest's Lyric Prayer for Union" (John xvii.). Then followed the report of the Committee on Christian Union, presented by Professor Schmidt. The substance of the recommendations of the Committee was that there should be everywhere an attempt of the Churches to unite on the basis of work, ignoring doctrinal distinctions. Dr. Boardman, on behalf of the Committee on the Chicago-Lambeth Proposals, reported simply progress. In the evening there was held in the Presbyterian church an evangelistic service, with addresses by various "Brothers" of the Kingdom.

Friday the topic was "The Advent of Jesus," and papers were read by Professor Schmidt and Walter Rauschenbush, of New York. Mitchell Bronk, of this city, gave in the afternoon a Bible study on "The Religious Significance of the Book of Daniel."

The session for 1894 was closed with the programme for the coming year, introduced by the executive committee. To accurately characterize the papers and discussions separately would occupy much space. It is enough to say that scholarship, mature thought, and devout spirit marked the utterances of these men, who are in earnest. The publications of the Brotherhood have a definite function to perform, and the effect of their lectures in several parishes has already been felt. The denominational spirit is entirely absent from papers and speeches. The Brotherhood is one of the signs of the times. Nothing could more clearly show that the old walls of separation are broken down, the old denominational lines no longer represent the present issues of religious thought.

An Instance of Practical Christian Union

By Henry N. Dodge

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" On Sunday afternoon, August 5, at Grove Beach, Conn., the Union Grove meeting was conducted by the Rev. J. Smith Dodge, D.D., Universalist, and the experience of last summer repeated at this delightful spot. Last season between two and three hundred people attended a similar meeting. This year it was estimated that about four hundred persons were present. The weather was perfect, a fresh breeze from the water swaying the tree-tops and dashing the waves upon the shore. The Selectmen of Clinton had kindly lent the benches of their town hall for the occasion. The congregation, seated upon these and grouped upon rocks under the tall oaks, had gathered from the cottages in the grove and from the neighboring villages, some coming on foot and many in carriages, and included members of many churches.

A Presbyterian led the singing and a Baptist played the organ. Congregationalists, Methodists, and Baptists, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Universalists, sat down together and sang and prayed and listened to the reading of Scripture and the sermon in peace and brotherly love. The sermon was a masterly and eloquent discourse upon the love and purpose of God revealed in Jesus Christ—"And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Every one seemed pleased, and many were the hearty expressions of satisfaction. The whole service occupied just an hour, in which there was not a dull minute. A service sheet was distributed to all present, and a majority were taken home, the selections of Scripture being much appreciated. We read much of the evils of sectarian feeling and the multiplication of churches in small New England towns, but, verily, if this is a sample of the result, the system is not so black as it has been painted.

Gleanings

—During the past year the Mormon Church sent out four hundred missionaries to all parts of the world.

—The latest statistics show that in Brooklyn there are 95 Young People's Societies, with a membership of about 10,000, and 42 Junior Societies, numbering about 1,700 members.

—In our article on Presbyterian Missions, in the issue of August 18, mention was inadvertently omitted of the admirable monthly, "Woman's Work for Woman," an illustrated missionary magazine. In the August number sixteen pages are devoted to descriptions and illustrations of Korea, and the direct missionary information is in pleasant contrast to the hearsay reports in many of the daily papers.

—A correspondent writes: "Oberlin is another college that supports a foreign missionary. She has done so since 1888. His name is Cyrus W. Clark, as I remember it, and his field either China or Japan—the latter, I think."

—According to the latest statistics of the Free Church of Scotland, there is a total membership of 344,082—an increase of 6,884 for two years. In the Sunday-schools there are 222,644 young people and 18,938 teachers. There are 259 theological students, of whom 32 have volunteered for foreign service.

—Methodist missions in Korea date from 1885, only a few years after the country was in some limited degree opened to foreigners. Until the breaking out of the present war they were considered to be in a fairly prosperous state. They sustain one theological, two high, and five Sabbath schools, with something less than a score of missionaries, a considerable number of whom are skilled in the medical art.

—The "Catholic Review" says that a Catholic Indian Congress was held a few days ago near Pierre, in South Dakota. Nearly 4,000 redskins were present. They had assembled from Pine Ridge, Standing Rock, Rosebud, Lower Brulé, and Bad River Reservations. They had with them eight "Black-gowns"—one secular priest, two Jesuits, and five members of the order of St. Benedict. They assisted at a solemn high mass, during which they sang hymns and recited prayers in their native tongue.

—The American Sunday-School Union offered $1,000 in two premiums, $600 for the best book and $400 for the next best, written for the Society, on "Christian Nurture and Education of Youth for the Twentieth Century." After careful examination of a large number of manuscripts submitted, the premium of $600 was awarded to the manuscript entitled "A New Life in Education." The second premium of $400 was awarded to the manuscript entitled "How John and I Brought Up the Child. By John's Wife." After the awards were made the names of the writers of the two prize books were found to be Fletcher Durell, Ph.D., of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and Mrs. Elizabeth Grinnell, of Pasadena, California.

—The London "Times" announces that a project, which has been under discussion for thirty years, has practically matured to build a Roman Catholic cathedral in London on a site in Westminster purchased by the late Cardinal Manning for £55,000. The total cost of the edifice, it is estimated, will be £250,000. Nearly half of that amount has already been subscribed. The whole of Catholic Christendom will be invited to subscribe. The architect Bentley has been intrusted with the work of drawing the plans. The structure will be of ancient basilican style, which is unique in London. It will be 350 feet long, 270 feet wide, and 100 feet high. It will have a seating capacity of 8,000 persons. The plans will also include a lecture-hall, a monastery for thirty monks and forty-five lay brethren, and other buildings. The model is Constantine's Church of St. Peter at Rome. The foundation will probably be laid next June.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Otis Holmes, said to be the oldest Congregational minister on Long Island, died at Lake Grove, N. Y., August 28, at the age of ninety-one; he had been sixty years in the ministry.

—E. F. Dinsmore, of the church in Hayward, Cal., has accepted a call for one year to the pulpit of the Unitarian church at Santa Barbara.

—H. L. McCann accepts a call to Houlton, Me.

—J. P. Coyle, of North Adams, Mass., has received a call to the First Church of Denver, Colo.

—E. M. Kennison has become pastor of the church in Rockport, Me.

—Marcus Burr, lately of South Glastonbury, Conn., has received a call to Goshen.

—C. W. Rogers accepts a call to Newington, N. H.

—Charles Clark, of the Andover Seminary, accepts a call to West Taunton, Mass.

—George Hill has resigned the pastorate of the Irving Street Church, Cleveland, O.

—J. R. Smith declines a call to Princeton, Ill.

PRESBYTERIAN

—W. A. West has become pastor of the Robert Kennedy Memorial Church, Welsh Run, Pa.

—F. W. Sneed accepts a call to the church in Webster Groves, Mo.

—G. R. Alden accepts a call to May Landing, N. J.

—H. F. Ross, of Three Rivers, Mich., accepts a call to Sturgis.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Edward Campbell is to become rector of St. Peter's Church (P.E.), Phœnixville, Pa.

—John Gass resigns the assistant rectorship of Grace Church (P.E.), Charleston, S. C., and will go to Little Rock, Ark.

—Charles Siebenpfeiffer, formerly President of the German Evangelical Lutheran Synod of North America, died in Rochester, N. Y., last week, at the age of sixty-two.

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Correspondence

The Churches and the Saloons

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. Dailey's startling array of facts about the responsibility of Philadelphia Protestant churches for Philadelphia saloons appears at a time when its influence will be effectively felt far beyond the limits of his own city; and his alarming revelation of the influence of saloons upon our public schools is scarcely less timely and important. Similar facts are just now exciting great interest in Cleveland.

Under Ohio law, except where saloons are, by local option, excluded from an entire town or township, any person who can pay $125 for six months' advance tax can open a saloon, anywhere he can rent a building. Adjoining property-owners have no legal right to protest, and the law imposes only one restriction as to character: the only person in Ohio who is legally disqualified from keeping a saloon is the keeper of a brothel, and even he may keep a legal saloon anywhere except in his brothel.

The complicity of Ohio churches in the liquor business lies in the ownership by Christian people of buildings occupied by saloons. Public sentiment is strong against it, and most churches are entirely free from the evil. But in not a few wealthy city churches of various denominations the evil has been endured without public protest.

The Rev. William Knight has been for the past two years associate pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, which is in the center of the city, and is one of the oldest and wealthiest churches in Ohio. In the course of his pastoral duties among the poor and the vicious of this congested heart of the city, he found that several buildings used for saloons and criminal purposes were owned by members of several leading churches. From the beginning of his ministry he declared and protested against this condition of things.

On leaving the city to become pastor of the First Congregational Church of Saginaw, Michigan, he felt it his duty to record a solemn protest against the passive acquiescence of the churches in the matter. At a called meeting of Cleveland Presbytery Mr. Knight said:

Avowing my gratitude for the delightful fellowship enjoyed in this church and in this Presbytery, and declaring my loyalty to the Church at large and my love for all her members, I hereby record a solemn, standing protest against that complicity with the liquor traffic and kindred curses of which members, even office-bearers, of some of our churches are known to be guilty by actively or passively allowing their property to be used therefor. Furthermore, I ask that you permit my ministerial standing to rest henceforth on other grounds than your recommendation, unless your recommendation be granted with the express understanding that I now enter an unsparing but affectionate protest against that compromise of silence in which some of our churches stand to this day.

The members of Presbytery present were substantially in sympathy with his protest, but, as the attendance was small, Mr. Knight was requested, and consented, to allow the matter to be postponed until the regular meeting of Presbytery in September. This makes probable a thorough dealing by this strong Presbytery with this important question of the ownership by Christian people of property used for the liquor traffic and kindred evils.

Mr. Knight recently called attention to the fact that one of the public-school buildings was literally hemmed in with saloons of the most immoral sort, and, as a result of his timely exposures, purposely withheld until the summer vacation, the police department and the school authorities are vigorously at work cleaning up the neighborhood preparatory to the opening of the fall term of school. But as Ohio has no law restricting the location of saloons, only such saloons can be suppressed under present law as can be shown to be places of immoral resort.

Mr. Knight's course is cordially supported both within and without the Presbyterian churches, and it is a cause of general regret that he is to leave Cleveland. He has used his central and conspicuous pulpit for the effective awakening of the people of the entire city to their responsibility for existing evils. * *

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Sympathetic Strikes

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In an editorial in The Outlook of July 28, entitled "The Solidarity of Labor," you argue that a labor union should consist only of such as are engaged in some one kind of work, and that in any contest between workmen and their employers only the kind of workmen specially interested should take part. You say, "It is quite rational that locomotive engineers should unite to promote their common interests, but quite irrational that the switchmen should have power conferred upon them by the engineers to determine authoritatively what are the engineers' rights and wrongs, and when they should work or quit work." True. And I do not think that many workmen would argue differently. Did ever "laboring men, working with pick and shovel, undertake to decide the conditions under which skilled artisans may carry on their work"? Men of one trade have often asked, and sometimes demanded, the assistance of the men of other trades in their struggle to obtain better wages, or the righting of some wrong, even to the extent of the latter quitting work. And, let me say, until such appeals shall be generally heeded, there will be slight probability of success for any particular class of workers in any contest with employers.

The only power that can be successfully evoked is that which you recently so strongly condemned, namely, a *sympathetic strike*. The legal right of any and all men to quit work has been conceded. But the only way in which to make any action of that kind successful is that it shall be a united, harmonious, and simultaneous movement by all the workers in all the land—a movement in harmony with the motto which some workmen have put upon their banners, which so tersely expresses the fundamental principle of true Christian Socialism, and is second only to the Golden Rule, "An injury to one is the concern of all."

The solidarity of capital is now so great that nothing but the complete solidarity of labor—of that labor without which the vast possessions of the capitalist would be altogether unproductive, and, therefore, comparatively valueless—can curb the greed of the few who have already gained control of so much of the business of the country. I have lately seen in the newspapers many sneers at the folly of a sympathetic strike, and arguments to prove its injustice and the resulting injury to the general public.

Orators have rightly grown eloquent in laudation of the men who risked so much to liberate four millions of slaves. Not all, but a considerable proportion, of those who thirty years ago sustained the Government, and went to the front, did so mainly with that purpose. And, on the part of those who did, their action was no more nor less than a sympathetic strike of vast proportions. Then, too, the general public was greatly incommoded. Then, too, millions' worth of property was needlessly destroyed. Then, too, thousands of innocent persons suffered. You deprecate the fact that "the solidarity of both labor and capital are more nearly accomplished facts than the public had generally supposed." Who began this solidarity? And who can most effectually check a movement that ominously portends the building up of an aristocracy of wealth and a miserably poor and multitudinous dependency, than the men, and women too, who alone possess the physical strength and acquired skill absolutely indispensable to the men who control almost entirely the industries of the country? And unless they shall act in concert—be, in fact, ready to sustain each other by an indissoluble sympathy—they will in every contest be "beaten in detail" by the thoroughly organized powers of capital.

I do not advocate the right of one class of workers to order another class to work or not to work. I claim only that without a quick, active sympathy on the part of all workers for each other, a sympathy that will prompt them to demand justice toward any subdivision—without, in short, a known readiness to engage in a purely sympathetic protest, or strike, if you prefer to call it—they can never surely succeed in any contest with the men who, whatever the *truth* may be, regard their interests as being largely opposite the interests of the laborers.

A. S.

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Public School Reform

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am glad to see that you are taking up the question of public-school reform. It is needed.

From 1874 to 1894, inclusive, twelve men have held the position of trustee in this district. Of these, four at the outside could make out a report as required by law, five could read a little, and three could neither read nor write. The time served by those who could make out a report was eight years, and thirteen by those who could not. A thing to be specially noted is that the worst results did not come from those who could neither read nor write, but from those who knew a little. In the twenty years I have lived in this district I have been trustee one year, and because I bought Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for the use of the school, complied with the law as to outhouses, and hired a competent teacher, I was attacked as fiercely as if I had burned down the schoolhouse. One teacher was employed by an inefficient trustee on the strength of his pretense that he was a graduate of a high school in a neighboring city. The succeeding trustee, who knew something about such places as high schools, suspected this teacher's genuineness, and had the records searched, thus proving the falsity of his claim. When confronted by the new trustee and asked why he said that he was a high-school graduate when he knew he was not, he replied that his mother told him so! This precious specimen is now studying for the ministry. The deteriorating effect on a community of a long line of incompetent teachers and trustees, and the consequent bad schools and worse education, is shown constantly. In 1893 the State offered to share equally with the districts, within certain limits, the cost of certain books of reference. In this district, where railway corporations pay more than two-thirds of the tax, the inhabitants would have had to expend only $4.10 to obtain $30 worth of books, but the proposition was voted down! Nothing can be done to get books for supplementary reading, or books of reference, into the school. It almost looks as if the present generation of citizens were afraid their successors should know more than they do.

I could write all night if I were to tell all I know of the incompetency of teachers and school commissioners. It is enough to say that in this district, if there is any ambition to give to children more than the merest rudiments of an education, they must leave home.

I hope you will succeed in having the State Superintendent elected by the Regents instead of the Legislature. J. L. Y.

C—— County, N. Y.

No Alum
No Adulteration
IN
Cleveland's
Baking Powder
It's a perfectly pure
cream of tartar powder.
The best that money can buy.

We Do Not Distrust Democracy

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is true that your views are democratic, catholic, cosmopolitan, as you express them in dispassionate hours; but when the conflict is on, it seems to me, you distrust democracy.

1. In the discussion of woman suffrage, for example, you shift the elective franchise from a natural to a derived right; from an inherent to a bestowed privilege; from the moral to the legislative realm; from a God-given to a man-given power. Men are, therefore, a democracy by the gift of a favored or original class, who came to the conclusion that they would experiment with society upon the democratic principle.

I would not depart from democracy as a natural, social, divine right of human society, because I have come to see that this definition, logically, morally, includes women

2. In your editorial of July 14, on the strike—Our Present Duty—you make a very helpful criticism on man and the duties of government. *The first duty was to restore order.* I indorse this heartily. But the inference can easily be drawn that because some men are animal (they have a right—the right to be governed) therefore they do not belong to democracy. Now, if evolution is going to start man as an animal and then find fault with him because he is an animal, make him evil and unsafe because he is animal, then we have a fatalism that is as cruel and as repugnant to our conception and experience of the divine economy as any fatalistic view ever presented to the world. Evolution reveals, to my mind, the mother-instincts and reciprocal relations in animate and inanimate

No Vacation
For me, say many this year. To such we say, you may gain needed strength, refresh your wearied nerves, stimulate your appetite, and renew your vigor by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. A few doses will convince you that it is doing you good, and you will soon be praising Hood's to others. It makes the weak strong.
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Be sure to get only Hood's.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

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nature as the developing and preserving qualities of life, and if these do not reflect the divine image then evolution is not the evangel we have judged it to be. If you were right, and I believe you were, in puncturing the old theology, which not only made God immoral in some of his relations to the children of men, but also unmoral in others, I think your views, unless I am making a wrong interpretation, exhibited distrust of humanity because the elements of sex and animal are found in; that is, a part of the human race is unmoral and (yet) immoral because it is animal, and another part is not needed, cannot be, in democracy, because of its sex.

Have I discovered a weakness in your doctrine of democracy? You have so stoutly asserted that ours is a civilization of democracy that one would hardly expect you to doubt it, although woman and animal man are found in it, especially since both have contributed much to the good men who make a democracy for us.

But permit me to say that I am a great believer in The Outlook, and I believe that we will all come to realize The Outlook's ideal for human society.

G. E. C.

—

The Calamities of Turkey

To the Editors of The Outlook:

We learn that a great earthquake occurred in Constantinople on the 10th instant. Although one of the principal telegraph lines of the country passes through this place, the first word came here on the 13th. The whole civilized world had become familiar with the details of the catastrophe before we in the interior had learned that anything had happened. There is no public news in Turkey. The telegraph sends only what is paid for. Even now, eight days after the earthquake, all that is known is gleaned from the telegrams of persons from this region who simply send word of their own personal safety; but the number and tenor of such telegrams shows that a calamity of unusual magnitude has occurred. The Governor-General of this province, even, has no official information. Like others, he has merely heard of the welfare of his friends. Our first definite information will be by the post of next week—more than two weeks after the event.

There has scarcely been a time during the last three years when the country has been free from cholera. The Government has struggled with the disease with a good degree of intelligence and success. This has necessitated the establishment of numerous quarantines, and they, of course, have been a great barrier to travel and traffic. There have been many deaths from this scourge, but these have affected the country far less than the stagnation of business, and this has afflicted every part of the country, even the districts which have not yet been visited by cholera. The disease is still widespread, but the type is not the severest.

The Koords have always been an occasion of disquiet and danger, but during the past two or three years they have been more troublesome than ever. The Government evidently does not wish to break with them. They constitute an important part of the population of the interior. They are hardy mountaineers, and very brave. The Government has never succeeded very well in drafting them into the regular army, but it has of late organized large numbers of them into voluntary companies of irregulars, with the superior officers from the regular army and the lower officers from their own ranks; and these companies have been supplied with Martini rifles. In some parts of the country these irregular soldiers, with their new weapons, have become a scourge. They swoop down upon peaceful villages, plunder the houses, and drive away their flocks and herds. Other Koords, who have not entered the army, are also, from time to time, devastating whole districts, while the Government deals very tenderly with them. It does not punish them; it merely seeks to restrain them. Brigandage is rife, and travel in most parts of the country is increasingly unsafe.

Some parts of the country are sorely afflicted with famine. This is a calamity from which the country is seldom wholly free. The failure of the crops in any region means famine in that district, through the want of roads and transportation, although there may be abundance everywhere else. The Erzroom and Bittis districts are now in great distress on account of the lack of food, and in the latter district the distress is made the greater through the dishonesty of high officials. All these things, of course, help to impoverish still more the people, who are, the most of them, already poor. Many people have gone from this country to America. The money which they have sent to their families in previous years has been a great relief, but the financial depression in America has nearly dried up that stream.

Another class of troubles of very serious nature has sprung from the disloyal spirit which has been manifested by the Armenians in some places. The Government has made this a more serious matter than it deserved, partly on account of the support which it is supposed to receive from revolutionary societies of Armenians in America and Europe. Severe repressive measures have been adopted. All Christians are subject to suspicion and espionage. Houses are searched and valuable standard works are sacrificed. Personal liberty and the liberty of the press are more and more restricted. It is difficult to secure permission to travel. The law does not require that a person shall secure such permission to travel within the bounds of his own province, yet even when near his own home a man often gets into trouble. Only the other day a teacher, who is an enthusiastic student of geology, visited a place among the Anti-Taurus Mountains, not far distant, with one of his pupils and a colporteur of the American Bible Society, with the double purpose of selling copies of the Scriptures and of securing some fossils which are found in that region. Their presence excited the suspicions of the officials. "Why should these men be around with books, and why should they be prowling around among the rocks?" Their books and stones were seized, and they themselves sent here under guard and bound like common criminals, the guard riding their horses and compelling them to walk. Here, although well known, they submitted to a careful examination, and what the issue is to be is not known, although they are at liberty, having given bail. No paper published in the country can say anything about Socialism or violence of any kind. The last London "Times" mentions the murderous attack upon Minister Crispi, of Italy. No Constantinople paper has mentioned it, or anything of that nature. The last Constantinople papers give the news of the death of M. Carnot, the President of the French Republic, but whether he died a natural death or by violence is not stated. The two Protestant Armenian papers published in Constantinople, one a religious paper and the other literary, have been suppressed, but for what cause no one here can imagine, as neither paper meddles with politics. It is perhaps on account of hostility to Protestantism.

It will be seen that the judgments of God are upon the land. May the people awake to righteousness! Of course these things exert a depressing influence upon the evangelical work, but the Gospel is preached, and it carries consolation to multitudes who have no other source of comfort. The truth is not bound. Schools are doing better work every year. The leavening process is going on, and there are better days in store for this poor, afflicted country.

***

—, Turkey, July 18, 1894.

August Necrology

August 1.—Joseph Holt. Born 1807. Commissioner of Patents, 1857; Postmaster-General, 1859; Acting Secretary of War, 1860; Judge Advocate-General, 1862; Brevetted Major-General U.S.A. in 1865.

August 1.—Edward Graham Daves. Born 1833. A former Professor of Greek at Trinity College, Hartford. Later a lecturer at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

August 3.—George Inness. Born 1825. Well-known landscape-painter. In 1867 his "American Sunset" was selected as a representative American canvas for the Paris Exposition.

August 3.—Jules Léon Dutreuil de Rhins. Born 1846. French explorer and writer of authoritative works on Oriental subjects. Murdered by the Chinese in Tibet.

August 5.—Durant da Ponte. Born 1829. One of the most distinguished literary men and journalists of the South. Long connected with the New Orleans "Picayune."

August 5.—J. Sosz. Minister of the Interior in the present Government of Paraguay.

August 6.—Austin Blair. Born 1818. Governor of Michigan during the Civil War. Served in the Fortieth, Forty-first, and Forty-second Congresses.

August 7.—Auguste Nicolas Cain. Born 1822. A celebrated French sculptor of animal subjects.

ugust 7.—Francis H. Underwood. Born 1825. nited States Consul at Leith, Scotland, and the author of well-known works on American and English literature.

August 7.—James Strong. Born 1822. Professor Emeritus of Exegetical Theology at Drew Seminary, and one of the most thorough masters of Bible exegesis in this country.

August 12.—Count Ladislas Wodtzicki. An eminent Galician member of the Austrian Upper House and Governor of the Länderbank at Vienna.

August 15.—The Rt. Hon. Thomas Denman, second Lord Denman. Born 1805. A well-known figure in the House of Lords.

August 17.—Eugene Lawrence. Born 1821. A popular writer on historical subjects.

August 17.—Charles Robinson. Born 1818. First Governor of Kansas.

August 22.—Numa Dufour. Born 1821. Editor and proprietor of "L'Abeille," the leading French journal of New Orleans, and the Nestor of the press of that city.

August 22.—General Durando. Born 1807. Conspicuous as an Italian soldier, diplomatist, and Cabinet Minister.

August 27.—George B. Shaw. Born 1854. Republican Congressman from the Seventh Wisconsin District.

August 27.—The Rt. Rev. Henry Bond Bowlby, Suffragan Bishop of Coventry, England.

August 26.—Celia Thaxter. Born 1835. A well-loved poet, whose life was spent in the Isles of Shoals, where for many years her father was a lighthouse-keeper.

August 28.—William Coutts Keppel, seventh Earl of Albemarle. Born 1832. Before his entrance into the House of Lords he was three times a member of the House of Commons. Twice Under-Secretary for War.

August 28.—W. C. Howells. Born 1806. Father of Mr. W. D. Howells. Long editor of the Jefferson (Ohio) "Sentinel." In 1874 appointed Consul at Quebec, where he served four years, afterwards serving five years in a like capacity at Toronto.

August 28.—Simon Stevens. Born 1825. A well-known New York lawyer, and an authority on the riparian rights of landowners. A cousin of Thaddeus Stevens.

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Fall River Line

The "Double Service" of the Fall River Line will be discontinued for the present year on September 15, instead of September 8, as previously announced. The increased volume of traffic and the evident public demand for large facilities for transportation for some time yet to come within the present season have influenced this change of time for returning to the single-trip service of this line.

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A Girl's Letter After a Visit to Celia Thaxter

We are permitted to print for the first time the following letter, which, in view of Mrs. Thaxter's recent death, has a peculiar interest. A portrait and sketch of Mrs. Thaxter will be found elsewhere in this paper:

Appledore House, Isles of Shoals.

My Dearest Mother:

We have decided to stay here till Tuesday morning. I wish we could stay forever; it is such an enchanting place! This morning we had a very great pleasure. We called on Celia Thaxter, "The Sweet Goddess of Appledore." It happened this way: Last evening, as we were walking on the veranda, we met Mrs. Thaxter, and she recognized Mrs. C. at once. I walked on, and Mrs. C. told her that she had a young friend with her who was longing to have her autograph in the copy of her book, "Among the Isles of Shoals," which we had just bought. Mrs. Thaxter very sweetly said, "Won't you bring your young friend over in the morning? I shall be so glad to see you both. And come about ten, for there will be fewer people there at that hour, and it will be pleasanter."

As we stepped on the porch of her cottage, we were greeted by the faint, sweet perfume of the wild-cucumber vine which completely hides the house. Through little window-shaped openings one can look out on the blue sea.

The parlor into which we were shown is a dream of beauty. It is very high, very long, and rather narrow. Over the smooth, shining floor are scattered choice rugs. Soft couches, with cushions of harmonious colors, give an Oriental luxury to the room. Japanese draperies fall in graceful folds at the windows.

The walls are covered from the very top to the bottom with the choicest pictures. I think Mrs. Thaxter was pleased because I happened to admire what proved to be her especial favorites. One of these is an etching by Vedder, fresh from that great artist's hand, illustrating that witching, curious poem of Aldrich's, "The Two Shapes." The strange, weird background transports us to "Twilight-land." The two shadowy figures hug their wind-blown, mist-like drapery closer about them. The older face looks down on the child "Shape" with a shuddering horror, while round-eyed wonderment fills the innocent baby face uplifted to the other's gaze. Beneath the etching is the poem in Aldrich's own dainty hand:

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space,
In Twilight-land, in No-man's land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one agape,
All sudden shuddering at the sight.
"I know not," said the second Shape,—
"I only died last night."

There is a tiny painting by Childe Hassam, a wonderful bit of sea and sky, and one little red star reflected below. A head of Angelo delighted us. One picture fascinated me because it was so horrible. Prometheus is chained to the cliff. The waves dash against his feet; through the neck runs an arrow, and the blood is trickling down the breast; the upturned face and the writhing body express agony unspeakable. There are many water-color sketches of her famous garden. She told us that she takes a handful of seeds of several kinds and just scatters them. Then they come up in the most charming confusion. She said people were always asking her for seed, because her flowers are so brilliant, but on the mainland they come up no brighter than other people's seed. She thought the virtue lay in the disintegrated rock of the Island soil.

You should have seen the flowers in that lovely parlor. I believe there were hundreds of vases, exquisitely beautiful and costly, filled, some with nasturtiums, some with rose-campion, some with hollyhocks, goldenrod, etc., etc. But the majority held poppies—and such poppies! Gold, scarlet, pale corn-color, delicate rose-pink, white. On one mantel was a bank of bright scarlet ones, in slender-necked crystal vases, rising in rows one above the other. Small tables here and there were covered with the tiniest vases I ever saw. Mrs. Thaxter took a bunch of rose-campion from one, and I have it pressed with great care with a spray of the wild-cucumber vine which she broke for me. I suppose she read the "young adoration" in my eyes. She said these vases had been gifts from friends.

Soon she took down a book containing sea-mosses "pressed over thirty-five years ago" by herself with minute care. She loves these mosses, apparently, as much as when she gathered them as a young girl. It was pleasant to hear her musical voice as she turned from one to another saying: "This is found only in the early spring, and is quite rare, and *isn't* it exquisite?" or, "And this one, doesn't it look like an elm with the wind in it?" "And here is one with its whole history written from root to swaying top. See! it is curled like an ostrich plume."

Then she said, "Oh, you have your book. Shall I write something in it?" A few minutes later she showed me the title-page. On it was written:

"The sunrise never failed us yet."
Celia Thaxter, Aug., 1891.

"It is a line from one of my poems," she explained. I was quite overwhelmed. I had expected only the name. Isn't it a beautiful line—a message of hope?

Mrs. Thaxter herself is a picture—tall, slender, with fluffy white hair, a face showing very slight traces of the years that have passed since the baby Celia came to grace these rocky "isles in the midst of the sea." But how could she be other than a poet, reared on this lovely Appledore, among the mists and purple sunsets, where shadowy ships steal past like phantoms, in an atmosphere haunted by memories of ancient pirates, of ghostly visions, of wrecks and wraiths?

Yours in "hero-worship," E. A. H. S.

Aug. 24, 1891.

The Daisy Fields Piano Fund

Previously acknowledged	$160 50
A Friend, Batavia, N. Y.	1 50
Total	$162 00

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D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Caine, Hall. The Manxman. $1.50.

Jókai, Maurus. Timar's Two Worlds. $1.

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Mudge, Rev. Lewis W., D.D., and Rev. Herbert B. Turner. Carmina for the Sunday-School and Social Worship.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Seelye, Julius H., D.D., LL.D. Citizenship: A Book for Classes in Government and Law. 35 cts.

THE HERMITAGE PUBLISHING CO., GROVELAND, MASS.

Young, Fred Grant. Day-Dreams and Night-Mares. 50 cts.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Fiske, John, Litt.D., LL.D. A History of the United States for Schools. With Topical Analysis, Suggestive Questions, and Directions for Teachers, by Frank Alpine Hill, Litt.D. $1.

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Scott, Sir Walter. Count Robert of Paris. $1.25.

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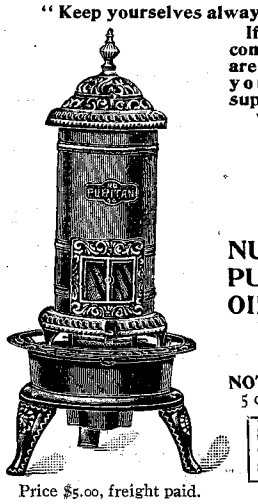

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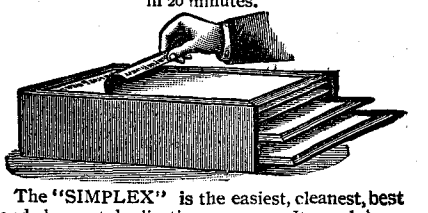

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The Business World

Financial Conditions It has been a queer week in Wall Street. Following the President's letter intimating that the fight for tariff reform would not be abandoned, there came a decline in the security market. This was followed, three days later, by an advance caused by London buying on the suddenly lowered quotations. This advance pleased our foreign friends perfectly; they took their immediate profits, and the market again declined. On Saturday, however, it again became stronger, and there was a material advance in the general list. The most violent and amusing gyrations of the week were those in "sugar." People seemed convinced that this precious addition to our already too long list of "industrials" was about to do something remarkable. They did not stop to consider that the tax on raw sugar, which will eventually be the chief pillar of the Trust, does not help matters much at present. During these months of tariff discussion at Washington the Trust has rushed into the country enough untaxed sugar to last for the rest of the year's manufacture. The Treasury statement reflects the force of the revenue receipts since the Senate Bill became law. It is now in order for imported merchandise to record its advance. The supply of money seeking loan is more than ever excessive. It is well-nigh impossible for lenders to place funds on short time. Call money remains at 1 per cent., and time money varies from 1½ per cent. for thirty days to 3 per cent. for four months. Higher rates are predicted for mercantile paper, these at present being 3 per cent. for sixty-day bills receivable to 4 per cent. for the very best six months' names. Foreign exchange remains the same.

The Hudson River Bridge at New York Last Friday the War Department furnished a report of the Commission appointed to recommend the proper length of span for the Hudson River bridge at New York. The Commission is composed of Major C. W. Raymond, of the United States Engineer Corps, G. Bousecareu, C.E., Professor William H. Burr, of Columbia College, Theodore Cooper, C.E., and George S. Morison, C.E. Their report reads as follows:

> The Commission finds that a 2,000-foot span cantilever bridge, with a pier in the center of the river, would be safe and practicable, and that its cost, including viaduct, would be $26,723,000, the cost of the center pier being estimated at $9,710,000, the depth to rock foundation within the limits of the bridge location being 260 feet, nearly one hundred feet deeper than any existing foundation. A 3,100-foot clear-span cantilever from shore to shore is found to be possible but impracticable, on account of its expense—$51,128,000.
>
> The Board reports that investigation satisfies it that a six-track 3,100-foot single-span suspension bridge would be safe and practicable, and would, if certain constructions were adopted, cost $35,367,671. Such a bridge would carry six maximum freight trains moving side by side at full speed.
>
> A plan is worked out and submitted for a lighter structure suspension bridge, which the Board believes would meet every possible demand with absolute safety, at a cost of $30,743,000. The Board says that it "feels that the contingency attending the construction of the deep-river foundations of the cantilever bridge is enough to balance a part of the greater cost of the suspension bridge."

Great Power from Niagara Falls During the past week the Constitutional Convention sitting at Albany has been considering a special order relating to the diversion of the Niagara River, the sub-committee of the Committee on Legislative Powers having presented its report in regard to the rights acquired by water-power and electric-power companies, and recommending full protection to the State reservation by an amendment prohibiting further grants. It is presumed, however, that all existing grants will be duly respected. These grants have insured cheap power, not only to Buffalo and other near-by places, but, indeed, to all New York State. So wonderful is the prospect disclosed that we are not surprised to read these words from Mr. Ferris, the constructor of the famous wheel: "The condition which will determine the relative expansion of towns and cities in the next decade is the presence of water-power. The whole problem of electricity is one of cheap generation. Any city or town of this country which has a waterfall within an available distance has, so to speak, a gold-mine. Water-power means the minimum of cheapness in the generation of electric power. You can easily see, therefore, that any city which possesses this advantage must take the lead over any city which has not. Buffalo, for example, will absolutely double its population within five or ten years, because there the capacity of the water-power is to all intents and purposes limitless." This capacity means the water from Lakes Michigan, Superior, Huron, and Erie—a drainage area of nearly three hundred thousand square miles. The water has a value of nearly six million horse-power. Now, in a well-managed plant, one horse-power generated by steam costs for a day of ten hours something like forty dollars a year, but, with the gigantic amount at command at Niagara Falls, that rate can be reduced to fifteen dollars, and even less under large contracts. For instance, the contract of the Niagara Falls Paper Company calls for 6,000 horse-power, at an average of eight dollars a year. In 1886 the Niagara Falls Power Company was incorporated, and among the shareholders were William K. Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, J. Pierpont Morgan, D. O. Mills, Morris K. Jesup, Charles Lanier, Isaac N. Seligman, Edward D. Adams, Edward Winslow, Hamilton McK. Twombly, Francis Lynde Stetson, Edward A. Wickes, William B. Rankine, and George H. Kent. Their three-million-dollar tunnel, recently completed, has already been described in these columns. The present station is to generate 50,000 horse-power, but with the Canadian tunnel and additional wheel-pits an aggregate of 500,000 horse-power will be developed. The distribution of this reserve and the methods of transmitting electricity will be an object-lesson to the world on an unprecedented plan that the employment of electric power at long distances is not only practical but economical. It is stated by experts that the new electric power to be generated at the Falls will be one-third cheaper than steam-power.

Tea India and Ceylon have at last outdistanced China and Japan in the tea export to Great Britain, and they propose to make the United States their next conquest. In so doing they have reduced the average price of Indian tea from thirty-five cents in 1881 by fully one-half. The production of Ceylon alone, from nothing in 1881, was last year over sixty-four million pounds. The Chino-Japanese war will probably further stand in the way of the export from those countries; indeed, Formosa teas have already advanced one-half. There is little spot tea to be had in this market, and the cargoes on the way are mostly sold. Yet it is not anticipated that there will be any actual tea-famine, but only a deepening of the present conditions. The astute Chinese and Japanese merchants are already taking advantage of the war to put up prices, though the treaty ports remain open and trade goes on as usual.

The Trolley It is reported that last year, in a total mileage of over 12,000, that of electric roads was nearly 7,500 as against 3,500 miles of horse roads, the residue being operated by steam and cable. Thousands of horses have thus been displaced by the trolley and the cable roads. Breeders and dealers in horses are consequently depressed. Nor is this the only interference of the trolley with old-established lines of business. In some parts of the country the trolley connecting villages and towns has caused the disappearance of the stage-coach, and many a suburban resident has been enabled to economize easily by selling his horse and wagon. It has been stated that the decrease thus brought about in the sale of light wagons in New England alone amounts to 20 per cent.

Carrying Gold at Sea Many have wondered just where the gold exports and imports were placed in the ocean steamers. "Hardware" thus explains: "The specie locker on an ocean steamer is a carefully constructed vault, and is located in the stern immediately over the screw. It has the shape of a half-oval, following the contour of the side of the vessel, and is generally about six feet in its extreme from top to bottom. Some vaults are fifteen or twenty feet in length, fore and aft. The interior is reached by a door or hatchway from the top, simply large enough to give convenient access. This door is of steel, and has a combination lock, which is known only to the purser. Over this hatch are also fastened three bars of steel, two and one-half inches thick, which swing at one end on hinges, and are locked and also bolted at the other. The locker, it will be seen, is in the most suitable location in the ship, away from the crew, and cannot be tampered with, as on three sides of it is the sea. The purser receives the gold, carefully examines the seals, then checks off the weights, and assumes the responsibility for it. Gold is shipped in bags holding $5,000, or in kegs of $50,000. When in bars, the size varies. Silver generally weighs 125 pounds to the ingot."

Cotton-Spinning in Japan An interesting item of news has just come from Yokohama, namely, that the Kanagafuchi Cotton-spinning Factory is about erecting a new mill which will operate forty thousand spindles at Hiogo, a place where coal is as low as two dollars a ton, and wages to girl workers are four and a half cents a day. Fall River and Manchester had better look to their laurels. With these conditions of cheapness as to fuel and labor, and with a people whose alertness, intelligence, and enterprise singularly fit them for factory work, the cotton-spinning industry will speedily supply all Japan, and may then advance to a commanding position in the world market.

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Bits of Fun

What a perfectly lovely thing it would be,
How the world would fill with light,
If the "Heavenly Twins" would sail away
On "Ships that Pass in the Night"!
—*New York Herald.*

Mamma (engaged in correcting Johnny)—You know I hate to do it, Johnny. I sympathize with you, but— Johnny—Haven't there been enough sympathetic strikes without your beginning?"—*Boston Transcript.*

When an Eastern divine visits the Pacific coast and is invited to preach one of the pet sermons he packed in his trunk, his Occidental brethren are said to remark: "Now for some dried tongue."—*Mid-Continent.*

"You say you don't know what's the matter with the man," said the young college graduate, "and I'm sure I don't. What'll we do?" "Do?" said the fashionable physician, firmly; "why, we'll operate on him for appendicitis, of course."—*Chicago Record.*

Mrs. Partington, a pious old lady, happened in at a Christian Endeavor meeting. She was much impressed by the young people's earnestness, and especially pleased with the singing. She said: "Oh, I do love to hear 'em sing! They sing with such venom!"—*Utica Observer.*

Rudyard Kipling has called us pie-eaters in anything but a complimentary tone of voice. Let's send him word that he has only half described us; he should have called us circus-chasers, and that would have been the whole story in a nutshell. A pie-eating, circus-chasing nation. That's what we are, sir, and proud of it.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

The editor said he thought some cuts
Would go well with my story;
I left it with him, feeling I
Had covered myself with glory.
When I for the pictures looked next day,
I nearly fell off the fence, ill;
That cruel man had made the cuts
With a horrid big blue pencil!
—*New York Herald.*

The new minister had arrived at Deacon Clover's house, and was to remain for a few days. When the evening was far spent, the dominie was escorted to his bedroom by the deacon, who said, as he opened the door to the rather small apartment: "This, Dr. Fourthly, is the prophet's chamber." "Ah," replied the clergyman, as he surveyed its circumscribed dimensions; "it must have been one of the minor prophets."—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

"Have you a copy of 'The Angelic Children?'" asked some one at a suburban public library. The librarian, long used to queer twistings of titles, handed forth "The Heavenly Twins," only to be confronted by the summer boarder who was not "quite sure of the name of the book, but it is something about an Idle Clergyman." Whereupon "The Reverend Idol" was produced, and the attendant wondered what the next comer would inquire for. She asked for "The Orange Necktie"!—*Exchange.*

Every one in Cambridge knows Dr. McKenzie's church, and the large gilt cock that surmounts its tall steeple. Harvard students are so near to it that they speak of it familiarly as "the Church of the Holy Rooster." Father McCarthy, the noted Jesuit missionary, was visiting the college lately, and, among other sights of the neighborhood, he had the church and its Harvard sobriquet pointed out to him. The priest, who has a reputation for shrewd wit, took exception to the irreverence of the appellation. "'The Church of the Holy Rooster,'" said he, "has not a sufficient note of religion in it. Tell the students they should modify the name into 'the Church of the Triple Denial.'"—*Boston Herald.*

Calling at the office of the Northwestern University the other day, Mr. William Deering, a Chicago merchant, put a parcel on the table, saying to the Treasurer, "Here's something for the Medical School." When the package was opened, it was found to contain bonds to the value of fifty thousand dollars.

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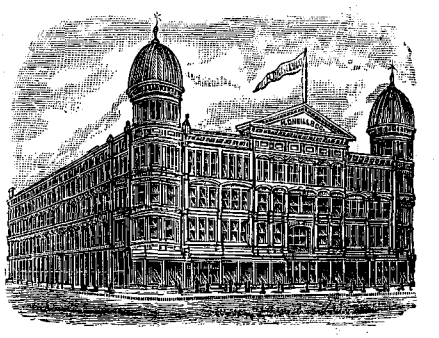

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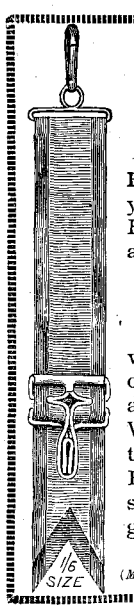

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About People

—The oldest surviving member of the Beecher family is the Rev. Edward Beecher, who has just celebrated his ninety-first birthday at his home in Brooklyn. Notwithstanding his extreme age, he is still in the enjoyment of good health.

—The greatest manufacturer of saws in the world, Mr. Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia, may in time become also the greatest fruit and vegetable grower. He controls, in one compact body, two million acres of Florida lands. After a decade spent in draining and in experimental labors, Mr. Disston is now about ready to colonize his property.

—As custodian of Shakespeare's tomb, Thomas Kite, the sexton of Stratford-on-Avon parish church, succeeded his father and grandfather. Kite the Third has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. He remembers perfectly Sir Walter Scott's visit in 1826 to the poet's grave, and among the famous visitors about whom he relates his memories are Emerson, Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Macready, and Edmund Kean.

—Mr. Henry Clay Evans, the Republican nominee for Governor of Tennessee, is a native of Pennsylvania. During his childhood his parents moved to Wisconsin, from which State he eventually enlisted for the war, serving in the Forty-first Wisconsin Infantry. After the war Mr. Evans settled in Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was Alderman several times, and was finally elected to Congress.

—Mrs. B. S. Leathers, the wife of the commander of the Mississippi steamer Natchez, has herself made application for a captain's license. She says: "For thirteen years I have lived on the river, knowing, I may say, every turn and twist in the Mississippi, every landing from New Orleans to Vicksburg, and every corner of the Natchez, from pilot-house to lower deck, as thoroughly as though it were a home on land."

—Princess Pauline of Würtemberg, the daughter of the present King of that country, always dresses in plainest attire and goes about most unostentatiously. The other day in Stuttgart she passed a sentinel who had been newly transferred from the country districts. As he did not recognize her and neglected to present arms, a sergeant passing on the sidewalk opposite made violent gestures to induce him to comprehend the situation, whereupon the guard remarked: "Say, miss, the sergeant over there wants to see you."

—Professor Rudolf Virchow, of the University of Berlin, is now in his seventy-third year. For his summer vacation, that is to say, his season of rest, he goes to Stockholm to attend the American Congress; he proceeds thence to Innsbruck to be present at the meeting of anthropologists, thence to Vienna to attend the Natural History Congress, thence to Buda-Pesth for the summer session of hygienists, and finally to Sarajewo to attend the Congress of Archæologists. What energy in any youthful scientist is a match for this grand old man's?

—The oldest lawyer in New England who has been in continuous practice is said to be Mr. Albert W. Paine, of Bangor, Maine. He has just been celebrating his eighty-second birthday, and has entered the sixtieth year of his active professional labors. Since the death of Dr. Kitchen, of Philadelphia, Dr. Hiram Corson, of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, is declared to be the oldest physician in the United States who has been in continuous practice. He is within two months of being ninety years old, and has been in active practice since 1827.

—M. Challemel-Lacour, the President of the French Senate, is so careful and distinguished in personal appearance that his friends dub him the Marquis de la Jacobinière. He is sixty-seven years old, and still a bachelor; he is also a good deal of a recluse, for he is a great student, and one of the best Hellenists in France. He rarely goes to banquets, and dislikes the theaters. M. Challemel-Lacour's residence is a small apartment in the Rue de la Trémoïlle, and his household is made up of one secretary, a valet, and a cook. As he always dresses in funereal black, he looks not unlike a clergyman. No Frenchman ever attained in two days two such triumphs as did M. Challemel-Lacour, in being elected a member of the Academy and President of the Senate. Before that he had been Deputy, Senator, Ambassador to Switzerland, then to Great Britain, and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

—The death is announced of Mr. W. C. Howells, the father of Mr. W. D. Howells and of Mrs. Annie Howells Frechette. Of a Welsh Quaker ancestry, the father of W. C. Howells came to this country, impelled by democratic sympathies. The son entered upon newspaper work, and, after ten years of it, in 1840 bought the Hamilton "Intelligencer," a weekly journal, in the office of which his son, William Dean, learned to set type before he was twelve years of age. In 1849 Mr. Howells sold his paper, and, removing to Dayton, bought the Dayton "Transcript," which proved to be a disastrous enterprise. In 1851 he became Clerk of the Ohio House of Representatives. He removed again, this time to Ashtabula, buying "The Sentinel," and, yet again, to Jefferson, when the publication of that journal was also removed to the latter place. In 1864–65 he was a member of the Ohio Senate. Ten years later President Grant appointed him Consul to Quebec, where he remained four years. He was also Consul at Toronto for five years. Mr. Howells was eighty-eight years old, and his death was due to paralysis.

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Spread of the Russian Thistle

A bulletin from the Agricultural Department says: The Division of Botany in the United States Department of Agriculture is in receipt of authentic advices on the appearance of the Russian thistle in various new localities. Bulletin No. 15 of that Division contains colored maps, showing the territory in which it had been found to the close of 1893. It has since been reported from the following places:

Hammond, Lake County, Ind.; Cannon Falls, Goodhue County, Minn.; Marshall, Lyon County, Minn.; Northwestern, Jefferson County, Neb.; Blue Hill, Webster County, Neb.; Stockville, Frontier County, Neb.; Parks, Dundy County, Neb.; La Salle, Weld County, Colo.; Nampa, Ada County, Idaho; and Manitoba, Canada.

In almost all these localities it has appeared only along the lines of railroads, and, with the exception of Nampa, Idaho, is now officially reported for the first time.

The occurrence of the Russian thistle in Idaho is regarded by the Botanist of the Department as a very serious matter, and he urges its immediate and complete eradication from that State. The region already infested by the Russian thistle lies in the plains east of the Rocky Mountains, and is, therefore, separated by this great natural barrier from the wheat-raising areas of Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and Utah. The only way in which it can enter this area is by introduction in impure seed, and by transportation through the passes of the Rocky Mountains, especially along railroads. Every endeavor should be used by the farmers and civil authorities of this region to exterminate it along the railroads, and to use only the cleanest and best seed-wheat obtainable. If the Russian thistle once infests this region, its next step will be to cross the Sierra Nevada into the wheat areas of central California. The importance, therefore, of precautionary measures along the great mountain chains is clearly apparent.

From about the 15th of August to the 1st of September the Russian thistle begins to produce its seed, and, being an annual, the effectual method of checking its progress is to kill the plant by cutting, plowing, and harrowing during or before this time. In the case of wheat-fields which are already infested, the grain should be harvested as early as possible, the stubble left long, the whole field mowed close to the ground, and, after a few days' drying, burned over. Fields thickly infested may require in addition plowing and thorough harrowing. A copy of Bulletin No. 15 will be forwarded to any applicant, and a specimen of any plant supposed to be the Russian thistle will be positively identified upon receipt by the Department of Agriculture.

Name-Hunting

Balzac one day begged Léon Gozlan to meet him in the Champs Elysées to do him an important service. His friend came in a driving rain, and learned that Balzac was searching for a name for the hero of a story he was about to contribute to the "Revue Parisienne."

"If the name exists—" began Gozlan.

"It does exist," interrupted Balzac, solemnly.

Then they started on a journey of discovery. Gozlan suggested reading the names in the streets at random, one on each side of the street. After they had traversed many highways, Gozlan declared that he would go no further.

"It is always the same!" cried Balzac. "Christopher Columbus deserted by his crew!" He pleaded for one more attempt, and at last paused, quivering with delight before the name "Marcas."

"That will do splendidly," he exclaimed. "Marcas! My hero's name shall be Marcas! There is everything I want in Marcas; the philosopher, the writer, the statesman, the misunderstood poet—Marcas implies it all."

He even declared that the real man must be a genius of some sort, but he turned out to be a tailor. Balzac looked for one moment depressed. Then he raised his head proudly. "The man deserves a better lot," said he. "At any rate, it shall be my business to immortalize him!"

A very touching story is told of two other French novelists. One of them was busy on an important work, of which he had not revealed name or plot to his friends. The other was also writing a novel, and one day, when the two were chatting together, expressed extraordinary satisfaction at having found for one of his characters the very appropriate name of Bouvard. The hearer turned pale, but said nothing. Yet a few days later he sent a friend to his brother novelist to say that he was in despair. He had named one of the characters in his own book "Bouvard," and the name was the very keystone of his work.

"Well," said the novelist, gravely and sadly, after a long pause, "let him have it. But I must love him very dearly, to give up such a unique and unapproachable name as Bouvard!"

A Queer Transaction in Land

Land transfer has lost a great deal of the simplicity which characterized the operation in the olden time. The pleasant land of Bosham, in Sussex, once belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but was much coveted by Earl Godwin, supporter of the last of the Saxon kings, whose treasury was, unfortunately, too empty to purchase it. He obtained the place by a novel system of land transfer. His lordship attended a great ceremony in the Archbishop's cathedral, followed by his retainers, and, according to time-honored custom, said to his Grace, "Da mihi basium," meaning "Give me the kiss of peace;" only, instead of saying "basium," he ingeniously substituted the provincial pronunciation of Bosham. The Archbishop gracefully replied, "Do tibi basium," which, being interpreted, is, "I give thee the kiss," which he did. But Godwin cried, "Thou hast given me Bosham;" to which all his retainers cried, "Why, certainly," and the whole crew at once rode off to take possession of the pleasant Sussex territory. The Archbishop could not help himself, and allowed the transfer to go on. The law has greatly complicated matters since then.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

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Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

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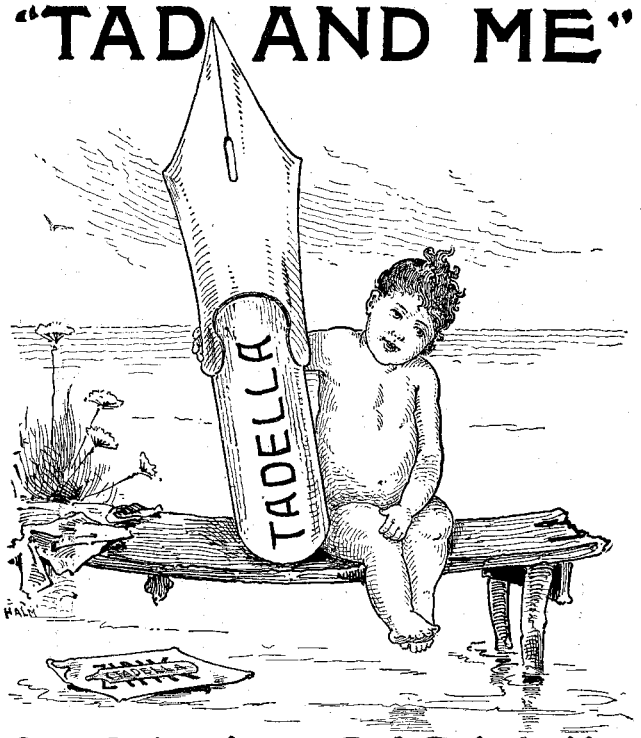

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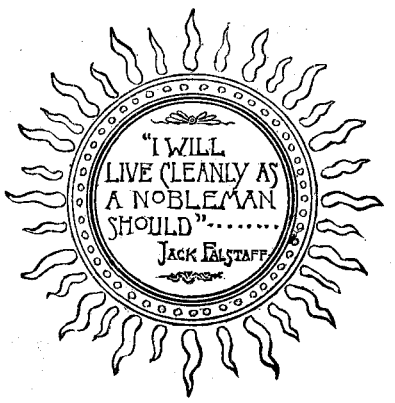

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